



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

No 8

JET ACES IN ACTION

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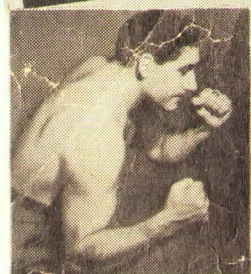
"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T.N.T. IN YOUR FISTS"

Says **JOE LOUIS**, Great World Champion



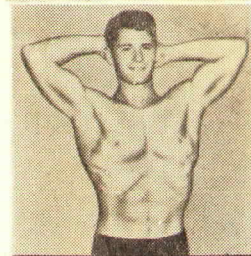
HIGH SCHOOL STAR—Maurice Nackley of Miami Beach shows Dad powerful muscles developed by the Champions.

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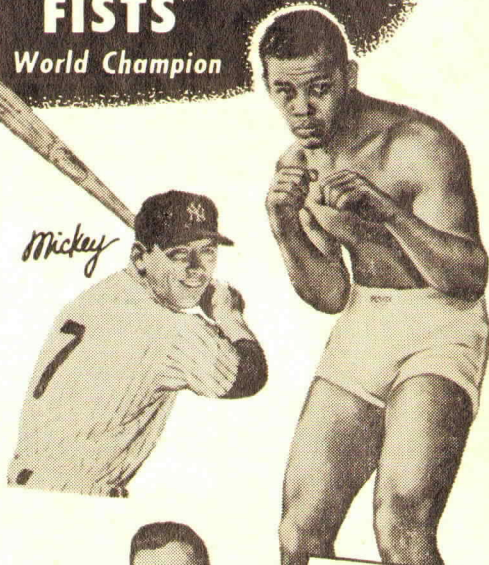
If you're weak or skinny, Mickey Mantle will build your body—turn flabby muscles into steel... **FAST.** If you want speed and stamina, Bob Cousy can make you fast... **LOTS OF FUN.**

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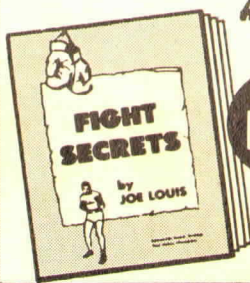
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FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

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FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

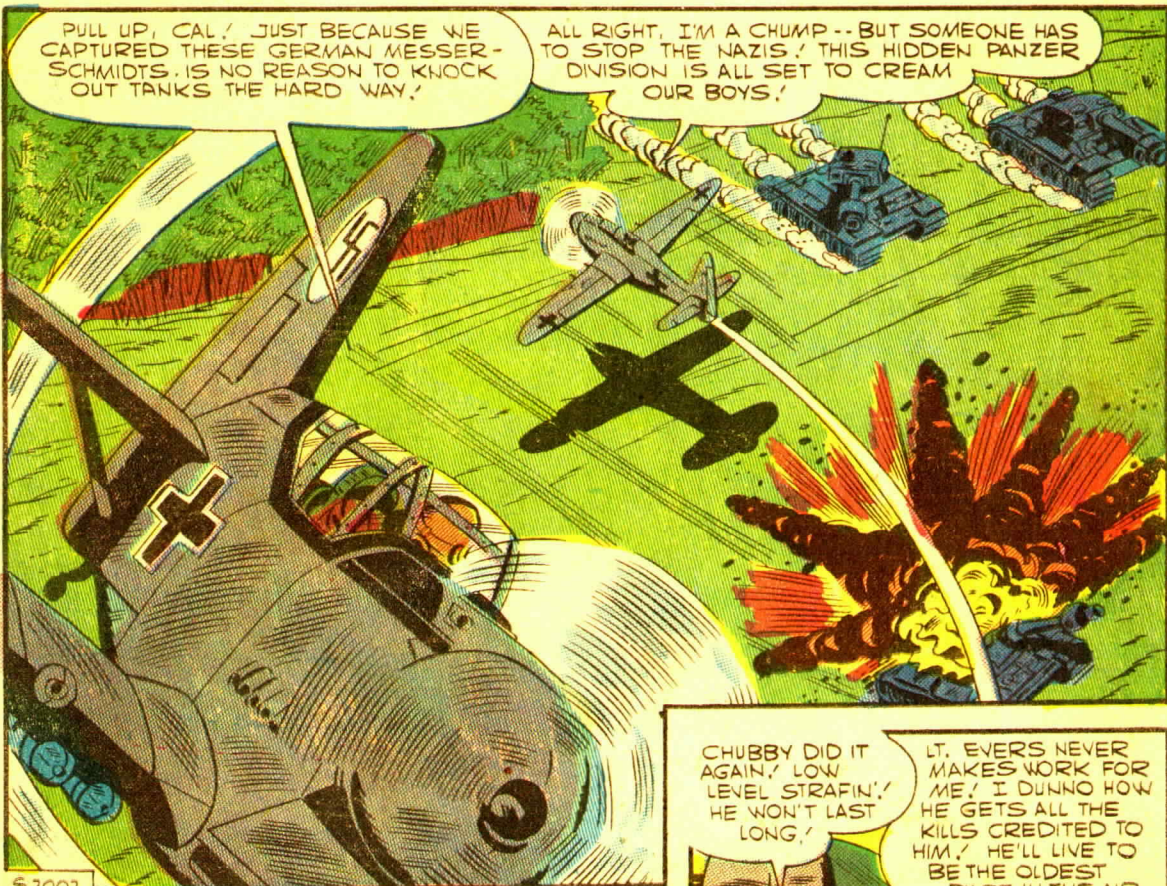
Alfred P. Fago Executive Editor

THE HERO PLAYED IT SAFE

LT. CAL EVERS ALWAYS SAID HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A DEAD HERO. HE AIMED TO PERFORM HIS DUTIES EFFICIENTLY AND SURVIVE IF POSSIBLE TO LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE. HIS PHILOSOPHY WAS SOUND... BUT THE WAY HE FLEW WAS SHEER LUNACY...

PULL UP, CAL! JUST BECAUSE WE CAPTURED THESE GERMAN MESSER-SCHMIDTS, IS NO REASON TO KNOCK OUT TANKS THE HARD WAY!

ALL RIGHT, I'M A CHUMP -- BUT SOMEONE HAS TO STOP THE NAZIS! THIS HIDDEN PANZER DIVISION IS ALL SET TO CREAM OUR BOYS!

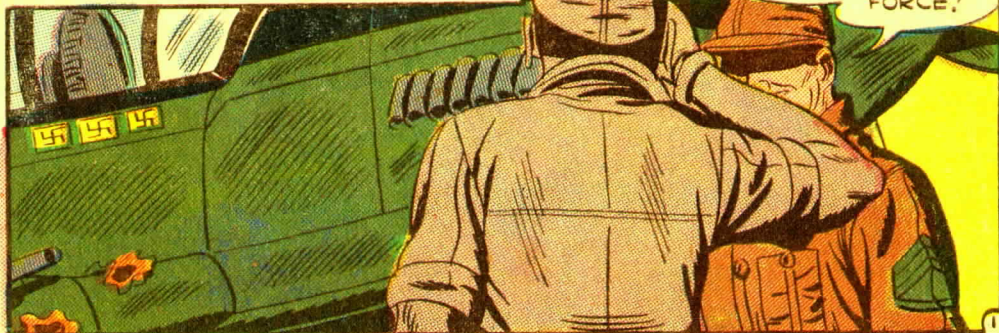


S 7002

CHUBBY DID IT AGAIN! LOW LEVEL STRAFIN! HE WON'T LAST LONG!

LT. EVERS NEVER MAKES WORK FOR ME! I DUNNO HOW HE GETS ALL THE KILLS CREDITED TO HIM! HE'LL LIVE TO BE THE OLDEST PILOT IN THE AIR FORCE!

CAL EVERS HAD NEVER BEEN A 'HOT ROCK'! HE FLEW BY THE BOOK AND HE WAS THE BEST PILOT IN THE SQUADRON...



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

MEANWHILE, IN THE INTELLIGENCE SHACK... LTS. CAL EVERS AND CHUBBY BLAKE WERE RE-PORTING RESULTS OF THEIR MISSION...

I HAD YOUR COMBAT PICTURES RUN OFF, YOU GOT TWO LOCOMOTIVES BEAUTIFULLY, EVERS, CHUBBY, I TRIED, SIR-- BUT YOU ONLY DAMAGED ONE, THE ACK-ACK WAS TEARING ME APART,

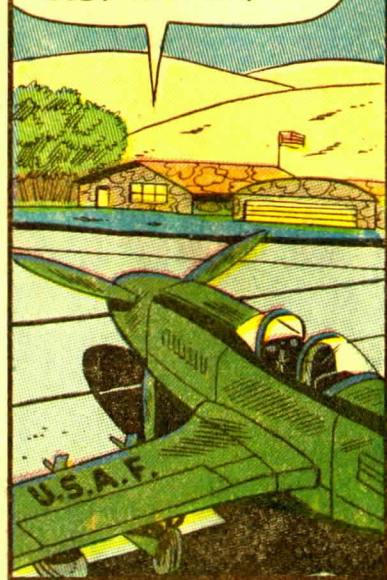


I SPOTTED THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES AND CAME IN FROM THE NORTH, I DIDN'T GET BOTHERED,

YOU! YOU ALWAYS DO THINGS THE EASY WAY AND DO TWICE AS GOOD!



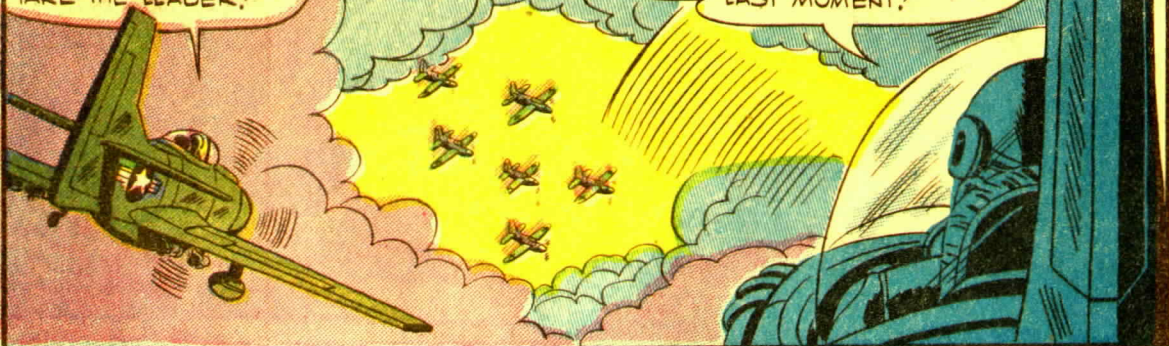
I INTEND TO KEEP DOING THINGS THAT WAY, CHUBBY, I KNOW THE OTHERS DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I ALWAYS DO MY JOB, LET'S EAT,



EVERS HAD A GIFT FOR COMBAT FLYING, HE SENSED THE OPPONENT'S WEAKEST LINK AND ATTACKED THERE...

THERE'S SIX MESSER-SCHMIDTS, CAL, I'LL TAKE THE LEADER,

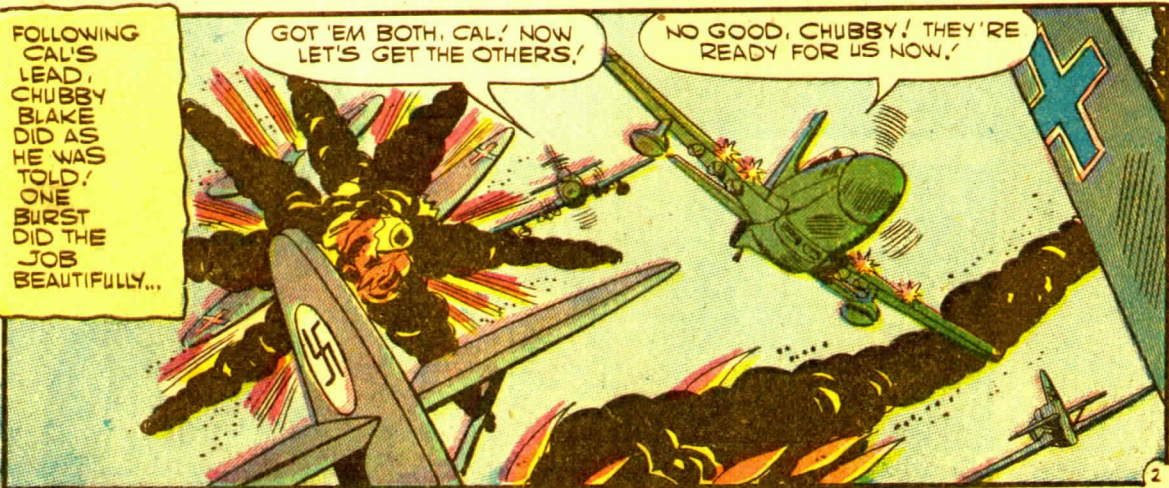
NO, CHUBBY, PASS THEM-- TAKE THE NEXT TO LAST ONE, I'LL GET TAIL-END CHARLIE! HOLD YOUR TRIGGER TILL THE LAST MOMENT,



FOLLOWING CAL'S LEAD, CHUBBY BLAKE DID AS HE WAS TOLD, ONE BURST DID THE JOB BEAUTIFULLY...

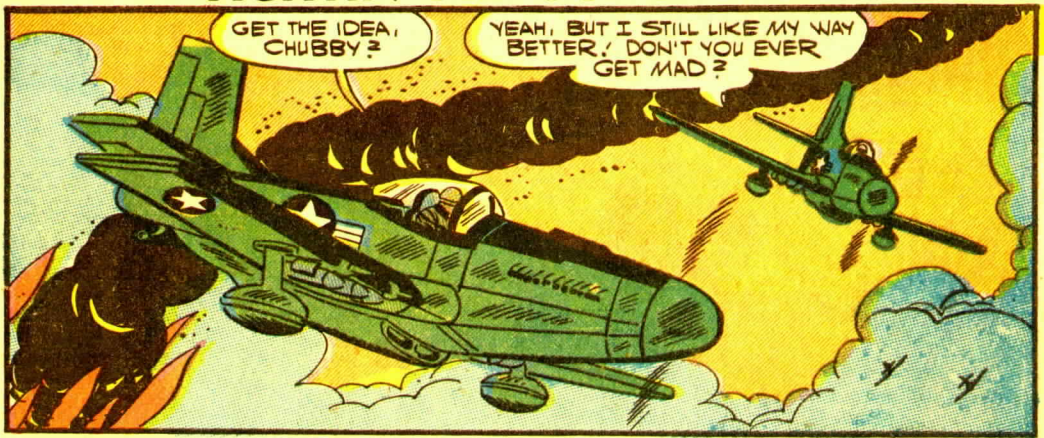
GOT 'EM BOTH, CAL, NOW LET'S GET THE OTHERS,

NO GOOD, CHUBBY, THEY'RE READY FOR US NOW,



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

FLYING CAL EVERS' WING, CHUBBY BLAKE LEARNED TO HIT AND RUN... TO PLAY IT CUTE AND STILL PILE UP A SIZEABLE NUMBER OF KILLS...



GET THE IDEA, CHUBBY?

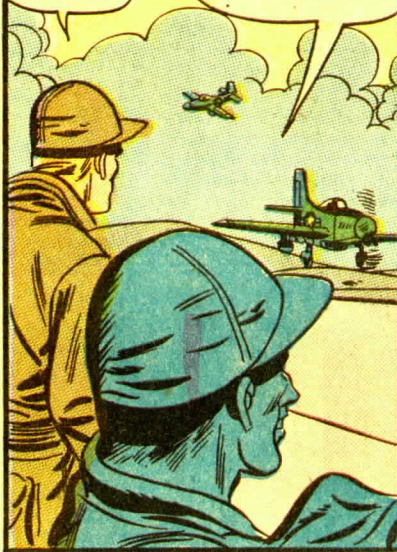
YEAH, BUT I STILL LIKE MY WAY BETTER! DON'T YOU EVER GET MAD?

NOPE! UNCLE SAM SPENT A LOT OF MONEY TRAINING ME-- I AIM TO SEE HE GETS HIS MONEY'S WORTH! GAS IS GETTING LOW-- LET'S GO HOME!



SINCE EVERS STARTED 'WISIN' CHUBBY UP, YOU GOT A SNAP!

I ONLY HOPE IT LASTS! CHUBBY'S KIND OF IMPULSIVE SOMETIMES!



THE OTHER PILOTS ADMIRER CAL... BUT A FEW RESENTED HIS SUCCESS...

HEY, EVERS, YOU'RE PLAYING FOR FUN, AREN'T YOU? YOU WOULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE IN A CARD GAME EITHER!

LAY OFF HIM, SIMPSON! EVERS ISN'T BOTHERIN' YOU!



I'M BOTHERING HIM, THOUGH! HE WON'T FIGHT! HE PLAYS IT SAFE!

SOME DAYS I DO, SIMPSON...



...BUT NOT TODAY! YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME!



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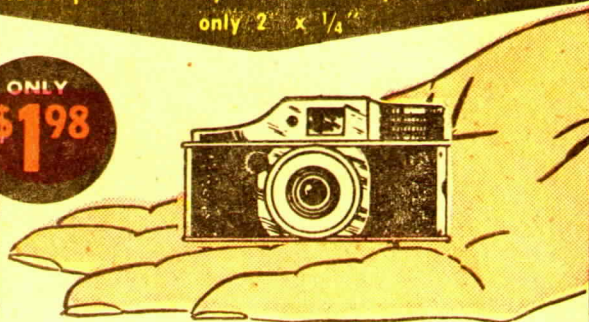


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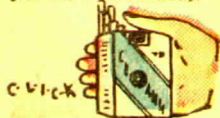


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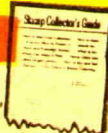
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FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

EVERS FOUGHT HARD... BUT
SIMPSON OUTWEIGHED HIM
AND KNEW HOW TO FIGHT...

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD,
EVERS -- BUT NOT
GOOD ENOUGH.

WELL, GENTLEMEN? CAN YOU GIVE ME A REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T BOTH BE PLACED UNDER ARREST?

IT WAS MY FAULT, SIR! I..

I SAID SOMETHING-
IT, SIMPSON MIS-
UNDERSTOOD, SIR!
HE WAS ENTIRELY
RIGHT IN RESENT-
ING IT, SIR!
I APOLOGIZE,
SIMPSON.

WELL...
ALL
RIGHT!
LET IT
GO BUT
BE
CAREFUL
IN THE
FUTURE!

THANKS A LOT, CAL! THE COLONEL WOULD 'VE HUNG ME.' I WAS ALL WRONG ABOUT YOU.'

I WAS WRONG
ABOUT YOU TOO!
I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU COULD FIGHT
AS WELL AS YOU
CAN!

CAL EVERS PILED UP MISSIONS AND HIS SCORE MOUNTED. CHUBBY BLAKE WAS THE ENVY OF THE SQUADRON ...

GROUND STRAFING RUN! YOU'RE LUCKY, FLYING WITH EVERS! YOU WON'T GET HURT!

WE'LL GO
IN LOWER
THAN YOU
GUYS--
EVERS JUST
DOES IT THE
EASY WAY!

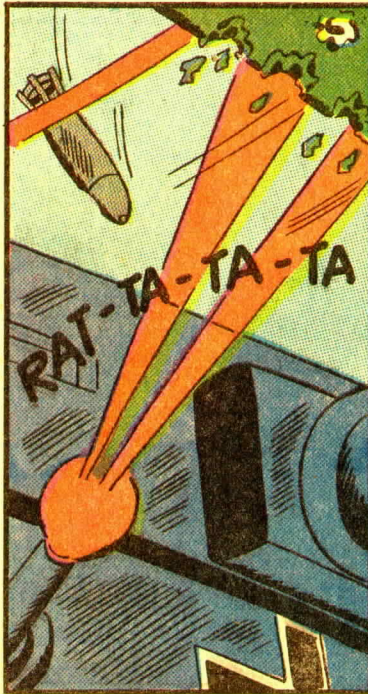
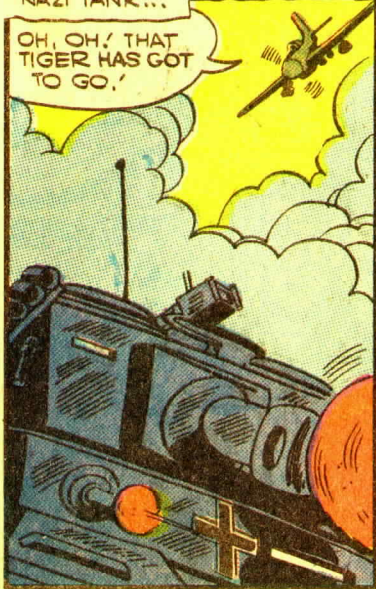
TEN MINUTES LATER...

SURPRISED THEM AGAIN.' CAL'S SYSTEM REALLY WORKS.'

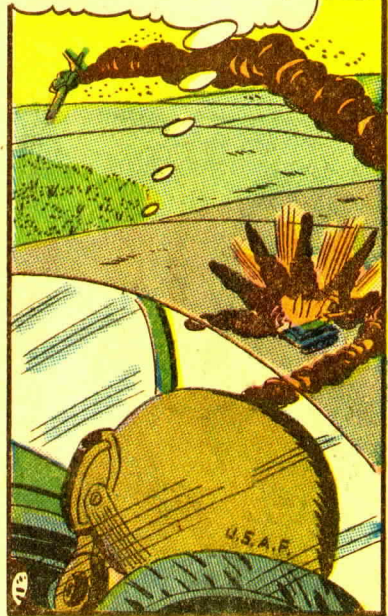
FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THE GROUND-STRAFING MISSION WAS LIKE ANY OTHER UNTIL CHUBBY BLAKE SPOTTED THE G.I.'S TRYING TO EVADE A NAZI TANK...

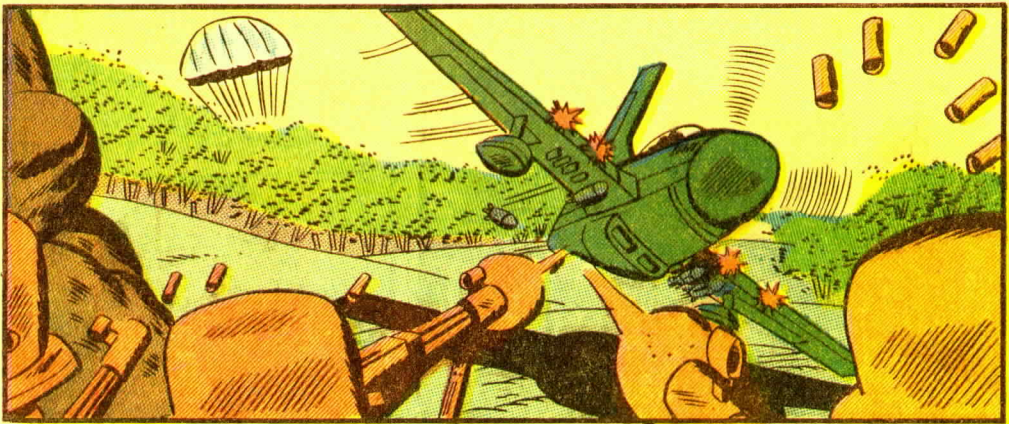
OH, OH! THAT TIGER HAS GOT TO GO!



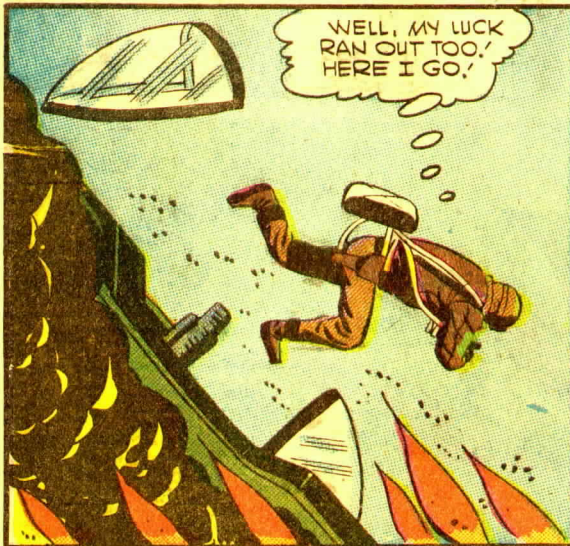
CHUBBY'S HIT--HE'S BAILING OUT! I'VE GOT TO SEE HE GETS DOWN SAFELY!



CHUBBY BLAKE WAS FLOATING INTO A COMBAT AREA... BUT THE P-51 PROTECTED HIM ALL THE WAY...



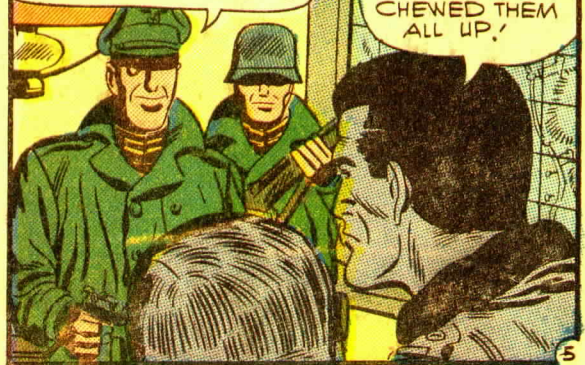
WELL, MY LUCK RAN OUT TOO! HERE I GO!



TEN MINUTES LATER, BLAKE AND EVERS SAW EACH OTHER AGAIN IN THE GERMAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE AT A NAZI AIRSTRIP...

YOU WILL TALK! BEFORE THE HIDDEN PANZER DIVISION CAN STRIKE, WE MUST KNOW YOUR AIR STRENGTH!

YOU HAVE A PANZER DIVISION LEFT? I THOUGHT WE CHEWED THEM ALL UP!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

JAH, WE HAVE A PICKED DIVISION SAVED FOR THIS, IT WILL CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE WAR-- NOW, BEGIN DESCRIBING YOUR AIR WINGS,!

LET'S GIVE HIM THE 'WHOLE BUSINESS, CAL,!



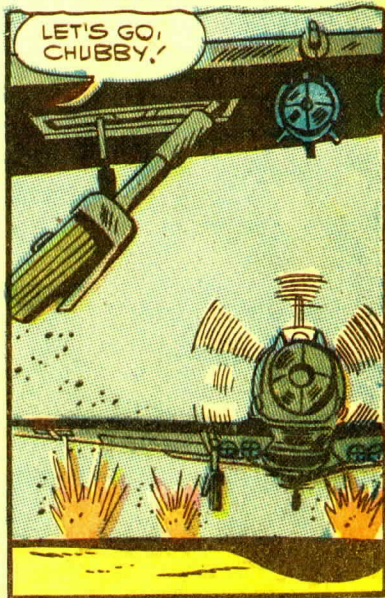
YES, GIVE ME THE BUSI... UNGH,!

YOU GOT IT, BUSTER! I SAW MESSER-SCHMIDTS OUT-SIDE, CHUBBY! LET'S GO,!



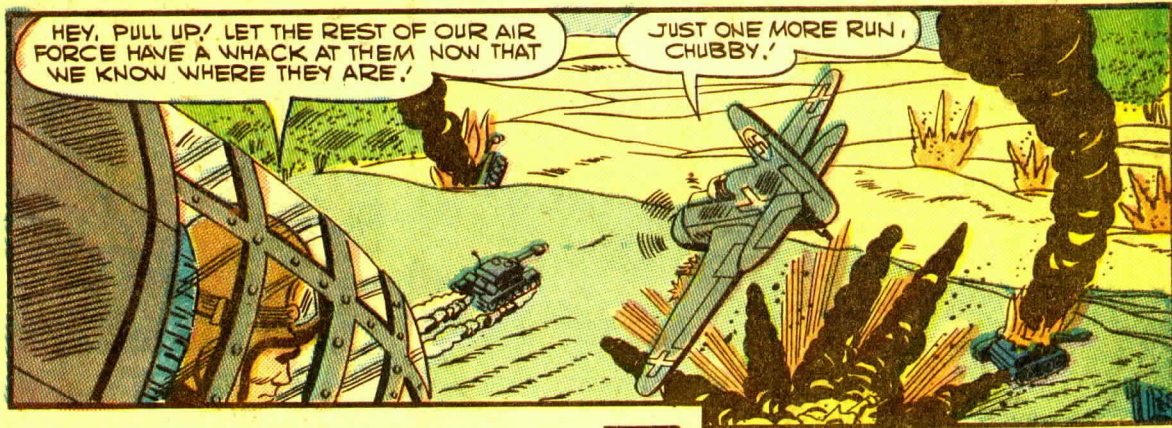
EVERS AND BLAKE MOVED FAST, THEY SPURTED TO TWO PLANES AND...

LET'S GO, CHUBBY,!



HEY, PULL UP, LET THE REST OF OUR AIR FORCE HAVE A WHACK AT THEM NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE,!

JUST ONE MORE RUN, CHUBBY,!



WHAT IF WE DON'T GET BACK TO TELL 'EM ABOUT IT? I ALWAYS PLAY IT SAFE, NOW OUR BOYS WILL SEE THE SMOKE AND INVESTIGATE,!



LATER... THIS DECORATION IS FOR HEROISM BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY,!

OLD PLAY-IT-SAFE EVERS! I'D HATE TO BE ALONG WHEN HE FEELS RECKLESS,!



END

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

CAPTURED PILOTS GAVE LIEUTENANTS KEN WALTERS AND BLIP JONES THE NAME "THE TWIN EAGLES"--THEY WERE SURE DEATH ON MIGS IN THE AIR AND THERE WERE NO BETTER GROUND SUPPORT PILOTS IN KOREA! BOTH LOVED TO FLY, BOTH LOVED TO FIGHT... AND NEITHER ONE WAS PARTICULARLY GOOD AT OBEYING ORDERS!

Grounded EAGLES

CHICKEN OUT, KEN? I'M RIGHT ON HIS TAIL DOWN HERE!

YEAH-- BUT I'M UP HERE WAITIN' FOR HIM TO PULL UP!

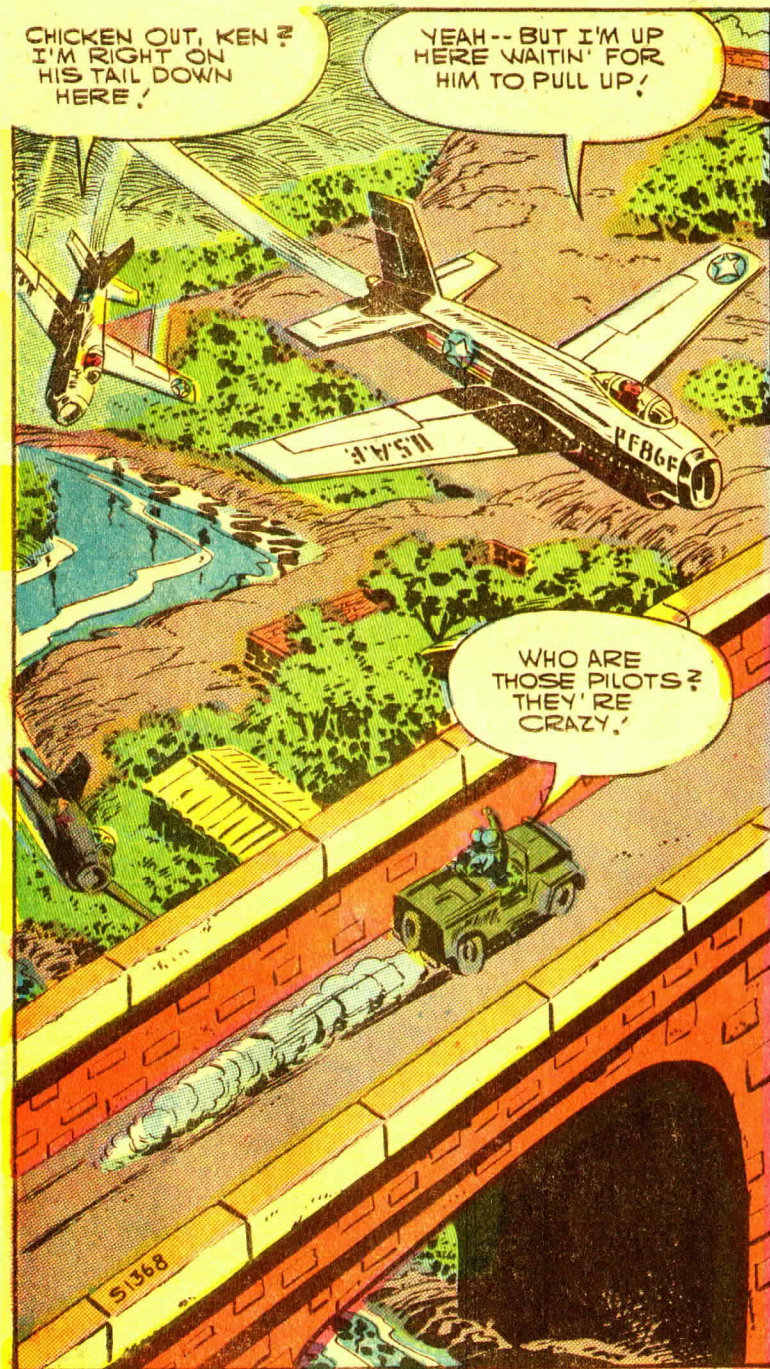
SECONDS LATER, THE MIG WAS A FLAMING WRECK-- RIDDLED BY BULLETS FROM THE .50'S OF BOTH PLANES...

WE'LL SPLIT THAT ONE, BLIP! THAT STILL TIES US, TEN AND A HALF MIGS APIECE! HEY, WE BUZZED A GENERAL BACK THERE, HOPE HE DIDN'T GET MAD...

WHO ARE THOSE PILOTS? THEY'RE CRAZY.

LATER... THE GENERAL DID GET MAD! I'M MORE JITTERY NOW THAN I AM WHEN THE MIGS COME AT US!

GO ON, IN! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

AYHH, THE TWIN EAGLES!
I HEAR YOU BOYS ARE
GOOD--AND YOU BOTH
KNOW IT, THEY TELL
ME! I HAD A PHONE
CALL A LITTLE
WHILE AGO...
FROM A MAJOR
GENERAL!

NO FOOLING,
SIR!



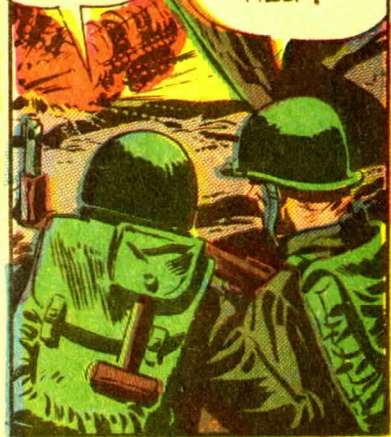
NO FOOLING, AND YOU
KNOW WHAT HE WANTS?
A COURT MARTIAL! HE
WON'T GET IT... BUT I'M
GROUNDING BOTH OF YOU
FOR A WHILE UNTIL YOU
LEARN THAT WE DIDN'T
START THIS POLICE
ACTION ESPECIALLY
FOR YOU!



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER,
LT. KEN WALTERS, LATE
PILOT, NOW AIR-GROUND
LIAISON OFFICER...

YOU MEAN
I HAVE TO
PACK THIS
GADGET
AROUND
ALL THE
TIME?

THAT'S RIGHT,
WALTERS!
YOUR JOB
IS TO TELL
THE FLY BOYS
WHERE WE
NEED
HELP!



...AND LT. BLIP JONES HAD
THE SAME DUTY WITH THE
NEXT COMPANY ON THE LINE...

YUH MISSED IT COMPLETELY!
FLY YOUR BOMBS RIGHT
DOWN THEIR THROATS
AND DON'T RELEASE
'EM TILL YOU COUNT
THEIR TONSILS!



YOU'RE A HANDY MAN TO HAVE
AROUND, FLYBOY! WHY NOT
TRY TO GET PERMANENT
DUTY WITH US?

I'D LOVE TO BUT
MY FEET WOULD
HATE ME
FOR IT!



THESE GROUNDPONDERS
SURE DO A LOT OF WALKING!
HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT
THE RED ATTACK?

THEY EXPECT IT
ANY MINUTE! THE
AIR SUPPORT
JOB'LL KEEP US
BUSY THOUGH!

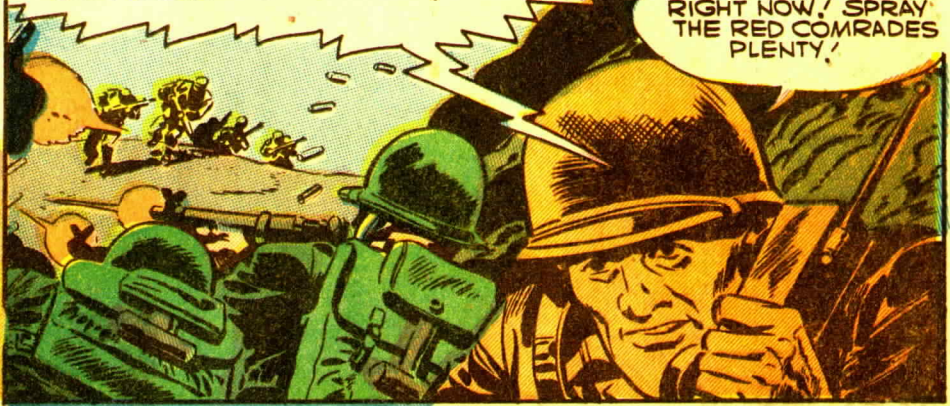


FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

EVERY AVAILABLE NORTH KOREAN WHO COULD CARRY A RIFLE WAS MASSED FOR THE ATTACK. THEN THEY CAME... A MOTLEY HORDE SPURRED ON BY THE TUNELESS BRAYING OF HUNDREDS OF BUGLES...

HELLO, BEETLE ONE, THIS IS EXTERMINATOR! WE'VE USED ALL OUR BOMBS, WILL A STRAFING RUN HELP?

IT SURE WOULD! I'D SETTLE FOR A SWARM OF WASPS RIGHT NOW! SPRAY THE RED COMRADES PLENTY!

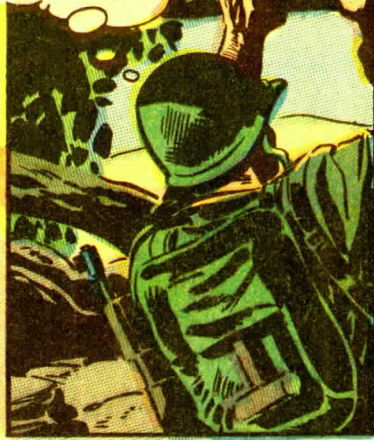


COME ON, KEN! WE'RE DROPPIN' BACK TO REFORM!

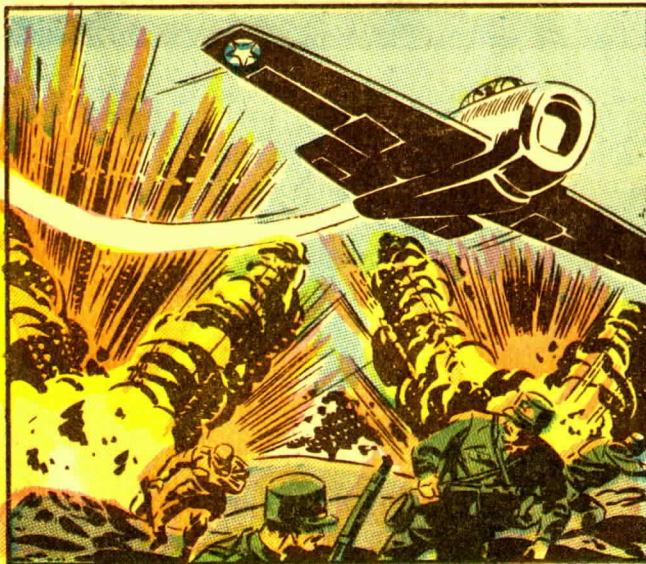
GO AHEAD! I'LL BE ALONG UNLESS I THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE FIRST! I HATE TO MOVE BACK FOR THESE CRUMBS!



I JUST STARTED UP HERE IN TIME! I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN I GET UP THERE IN THAT SPARROW NEST!

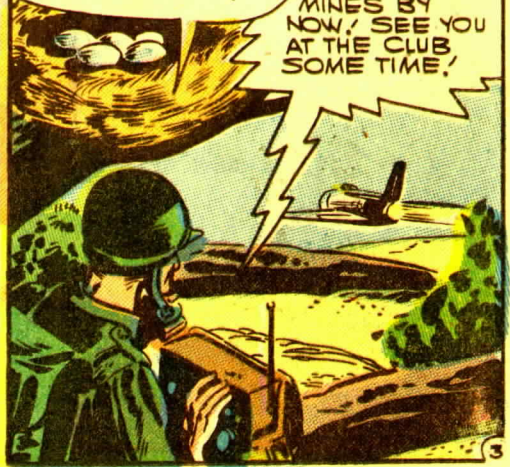


HELLO, BEETLE TWO! REDS MASSED AROUND DEAD TREE ON HILL ONE OH FIVE. TRY TO MISS THE TREE-- I'M IN IT!



NICE GOIN', SAM! HERE I AM-- IN THE ONE ROOM PENTHOUSE!

KEN! WE THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN THE SALT MINES BY NOW! SEE YOU AT THE CLUB SOME TIME!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

MEANWHILE, LT. BLIP JONES WAS HAVING TROUBLES OF HIS OWN ...

HEY, JONESY, WHAT'S NEW? WHERE SHALL I TELL THE BOYS TO LAY THEIR EGGS?

ON ME! MY BLISTERS ARE GETTING BLISTERS! THERE'S ABOUT A MILLION REDS RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF US!

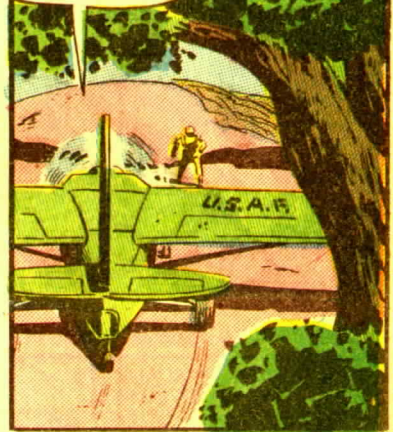


HE HAS A LOT OF MOXIE TO FLY THAT LOW AND SLOW! HE WON'T LAST... I THINK HE'S HIT!



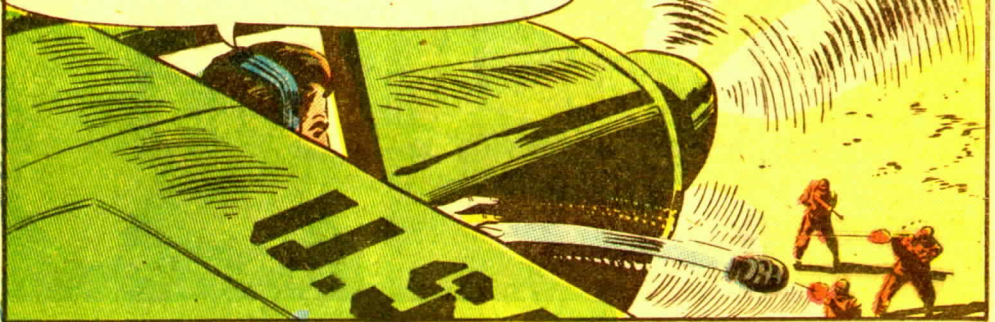
THAT THING MUST LAND AT ABOUT TEN MILES AN HOUR! GET OUT AND WALK! WHERE ARE YOU HIT?

SHOULDER! YOU CAN TAKE IT OFF IN THIS HEAD WIND! TAKE OVER!

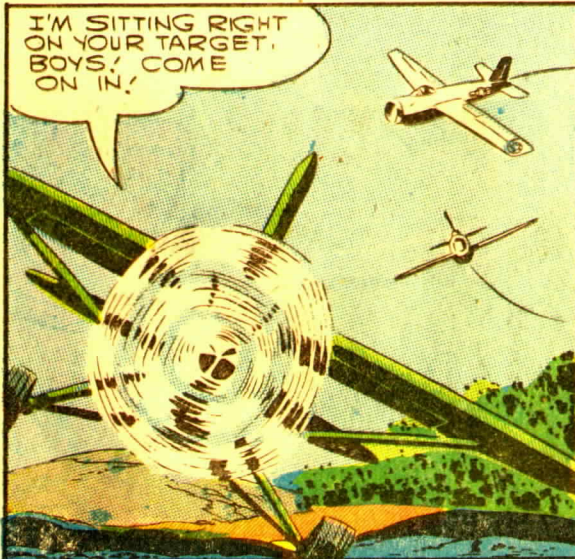


THE LIGHT PLANE, WITH A THIRTY MILE HEADWIND, WAS QUICKLY AIRBORNE AGAIN! BLIP JONES WAS CARRYING A DEADLY MESSAGE FOR THE REDS...

HERE'S A KISS FOR YOU, SWEETHEART! MAN, I LIKE THIS--AS IT SAYS IN THE BOOK, I CAN EVALUATE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF MY EFFORTS!



I'M SITTING RIGHT ON YOUR TARGET, BOYS! COME ON IN!



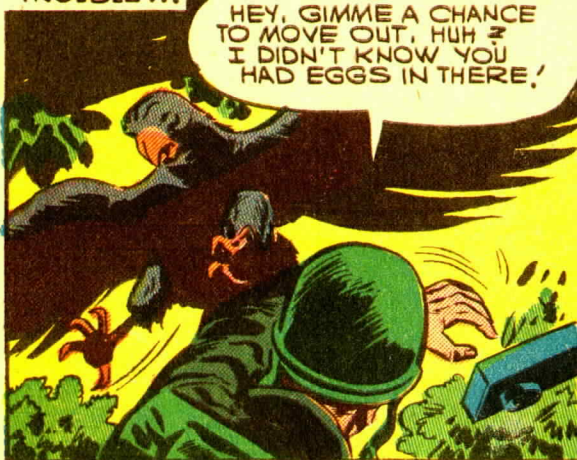
THE SCREAMING JETS CAME IN AND SATURATED THE AREA WITH NAPALM AND LEAD... AND WHEN THEY WERE THROUGH THE LIGHT PLANE WAS GONE..

DOGGONE IT, NOW I GOT TO WALK BACK! MY FEET ARE KILLIN' ME!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

WHILE LT. JONES WAS WALKING HOME FROM HIS RED TNT PARTY, KEN WALTERS WAS HAVING A DIFFERENT KIND OF TROUBLE...



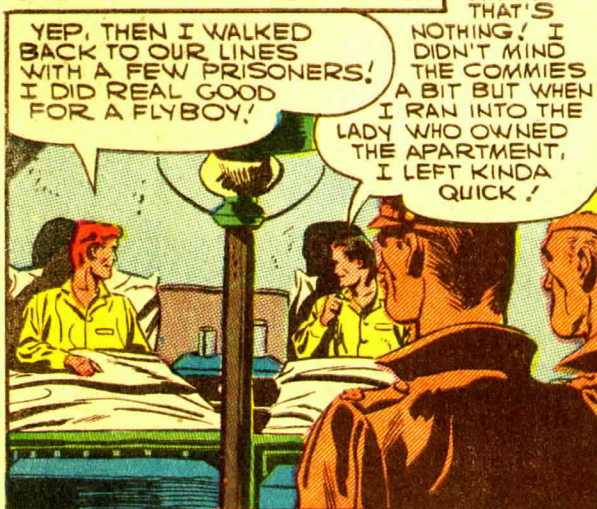
HEY, GIMME A CHANCE TO MOVE OUT, HUH? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD EGGS IN THERE!



WE WERE WORRIED, FLYBOY! WHERE WERE YOU?

HATCHIN' EGGS, YOU BONEHEAD! WHERE'S THE MEDICS?

LATER, AT A BASE HOSPITAL...



YEP, THEN I WALKED BACK TO OUR LINES WITH A FEW PRISONERS! I DID REAL GOOD FOR A FLYBOY!

AWW, THAT'S NOTHING! I DIDN'T MIND THE COMMIES A BIT BUT WHEN I RAN INTO THE LADY WHO OWNED THE APARTMENT, I LEFT KINDA QUICK!

DO YOU HEAR THEM, MAJOR? THOSE TWO ARE NOT ONLY RECKLESS, DANGEROUS PILOTS, BUT CONGENITAL LIARS AS WELL!



I THINK BOTH SHOULD BE RECLASSIFIED-- PERHAPS REDUCED TO PRIVATES!



WELL, YOU'D BETTER RE-CONSIDER, SIR! IN THESE REPORTS, EVERY 'LIE' YOU HEARD IS VERIFIED BY OTHERS! AND...

...DIFFERENT OFFICERS HAVE RECOMMENDED THEM FOR DECORATION AND PROMOTION. BY THE WAY, WHY ARE YOU HERE?



I HAVE BLISTERS! EXOTIC, HUH, SIR?

ME, I WAS BIRD BIT! THEY GOT A RIBBON FOR THAT, SIR?

END

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

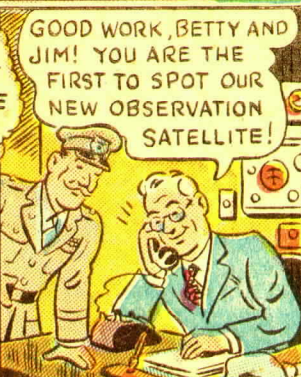
CASH or PREMIUMS

EXTRA! EXTRA!

If you mail coupon at once—we'll send you exciting new "PUZZLES" free of charge. MAIL COUPON BELOW

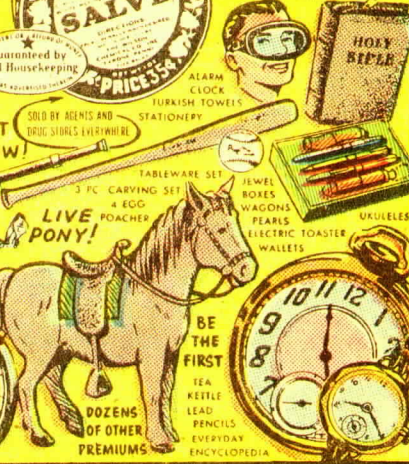
WE GIVE YOU

MAIL COUPON



EXTRA FREE GIFT FOR MAILING COUPON NOW

You'll receive FREE "PUZZLES" — a thrilling collection of 15 puzzles — 18 riddles. All real stumbers but easy when you know how — and we give you all the answers. Work 'em on your friends — they'll think you're a real smarty! Great fun for everybody! Mail coupon. We'll send free catalog too! Dozens of wonderful premiums (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Rush coupon to start.



MAIL COUPON ("Puzzles" will be sent to you absolutely FREE)

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. CC-99 Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE "PUZZLES!"

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

MAIL COUPON • WE ARE RELIABLE • OVER 62 YEARS

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY Dept. CC-99 Tyrone, Pa.

SUSIE'S LAST RUN

SHE CAME OVER EVERY NIGHT, THE ONE TWIN ENGINED JAP BOMBER THE GI'S CALLED SUSIE, GETTING MEN FROM THEIR BUNKS, ALERTING FIGHTER SQUADRONS! FINALLY, LT. AL BECKER DECIDED IT HAD TO STOP--

SHE ALREADY HAS! I HAD A GOOD PINOCHLE HAND WHEN THE SIRENS SOUNDED!

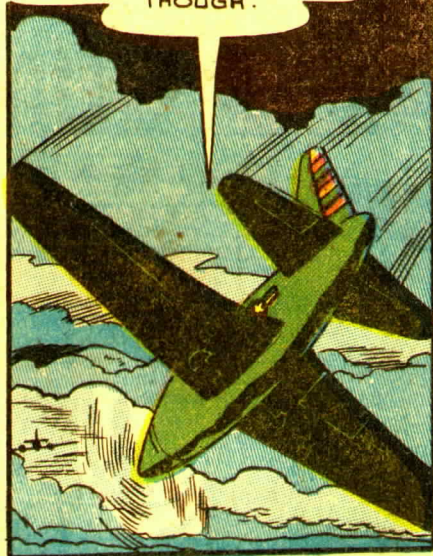
TAKE YOUR TIME, SIR! IT'S ONLY SUSIE! SHE WON'T HURT NOTHIN'!



51802



NO LUCK AGAIN! SHE ALWAYS SNEAKS OUT THROUGH THE NORTH PASS! SHE WON'T DO IT MUCH LONGER THOUGH!



LT. BECKER PAID A FEW VISITS THE NEXT DAY! A CAPTAIN HE KNEW FROM THE OTHER ISLANDS AGREED--

IT'S BOUND TO WORK, RED! JUST FIRE UP WHEN SUSIE'S OVER-HEAD! SHE WON'T HAVE ANY BOMBS LEFT! SHE'S HEADING FOR HOME THEN!

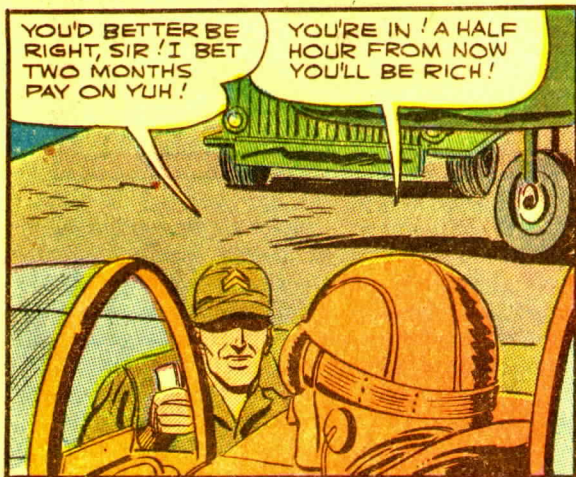
OKAY! OKAY! ANYTHING SO MY BOYS CAN GET SOME SLEEP!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

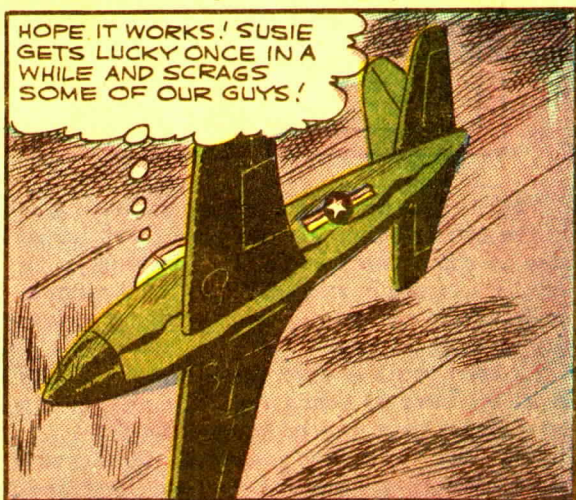
IT RAINED THE NEXT NIGHT BUT SUSIE WAS THERE ON SCHEDULE THE NIGHT AFTER! LT. BECKER HAD BEEN MAKING A FEW BETS---

BECKER SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND HEADED FOR THE LOW PASS THROUGH WHICH SUSIE ALWAYS WENT HOME! HE CIRCLED HIS PLANE THERE FOR LONG MOMENTS---

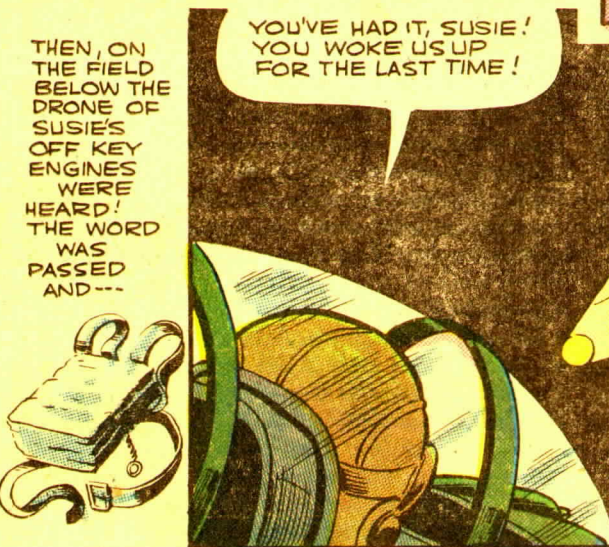


YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, SIR! I BET TWO MONTHS PAY ON YUH!

YOU'RE IN! A HALF HOUR FROM NOW YOU'LL BE RICH!

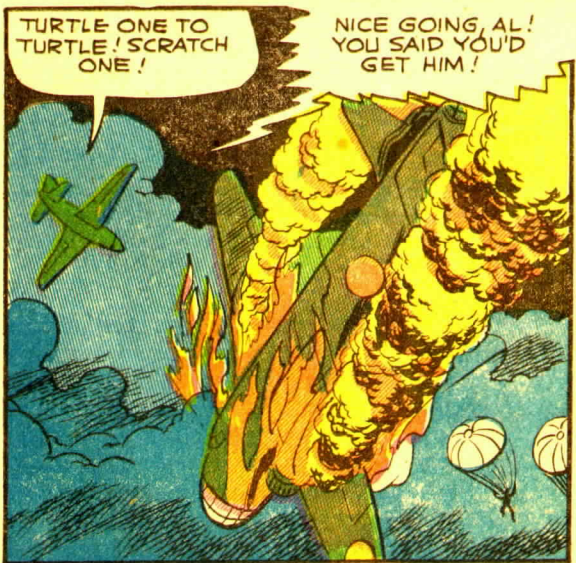
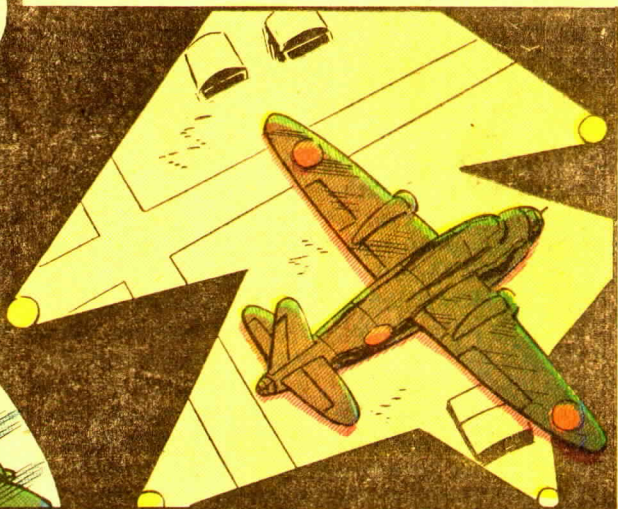


HOPE IT WORKS! SUSIE GETS LUCKY ONCE IN A WHILE AND SCRAGGS SOME OF OUR GUYS!



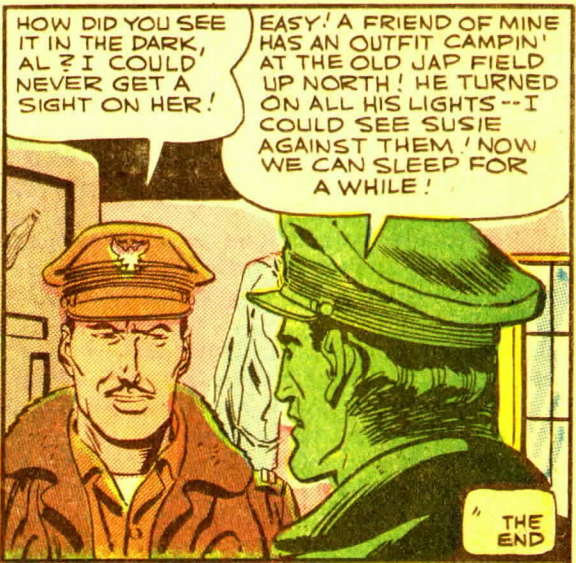
THEN, ON THE FIELD BELOW THE DRONE OF SUSIE'S OFF KEY ENGINES WERE HEARD! THE WORD WAS PASSED AND---

YOU'VE HAD IT, SUSIE! YOU WOKE US UP FOR THE LAST TIME!



TURTLE ONE TO TURTLE! SCRATCH ONE!

NICE GOING, AL! YOU SAID YOU'D GET HIM!

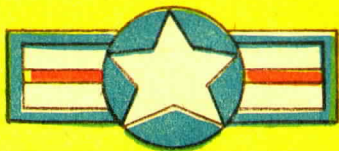


HOW DID YOU SEE IT IN THE DARK, AL? I COULD NEVER GET A SIGHT ON HER!

EASY! A FRIEND OF MINE HAS AN OUTFIT CAMPIN' AT THE OLD JAP FIELD UP NORTH! HE TURNED ON ALL HIS LIGHTS--I COULD SEE SUSIE AGAINST THEM! NOW WE CAN SLEEP FOR A WHILE!

THE END

GENERAL HART HAS A HEART



Captain Donald Grudin sat on an easy chair in the officers' club. He was a thin well boned man of about twenty-eight. He had built up an excellent record in the Korean Police Action, as an Air Force navigator-bombardier flying a twin-engine B-26 bomber.

"It takes youth to have vision," he said. "This is an air force of young men. For vitality and intelligence there can be no substitutes".

"In other words what you want is quicker and more promotions," added Lieutenant Dave Ledner, who often acted as pilot together with the captain in flying a mission.

"There's General Hopkins," agreed Captain Grudin. "He's only thirty-nine. But on the other hand there's General Hart. Behind his back they say he must be at least a million years old. Wonder how he would stand up in a situation that required a lot of quick thinking and plenty of reserve energy. Some say he must have fought in the Spanish-American War".

"Could be," interrupted the firm voice of General John Hart as he entered the officers' club. "Perhaps I even fought in the war between the States. Gentlemen, I am so glad that my age is a topic of discussion".

The two officers snapped to attention and you could see the color of their faces change. Each wanted to say something but didn't know exactly what would be best under the situation.

"Where is the ability of youth to do some quick thinking is a situation like this?" half teased the General. "You act like two boys caught raiding the cookie jar. Report to my office in ten minutes. That is all. Be at ease".

The general turned around and left the officers' club. Both men looked at each other. They could only imagine the worst. Finally Captain Grudin spoke.

"We actually haven't done anything wrong. But I guess we are due for some kind of a scolding. So let's walk slowly over to his headquarters."

Exactly ten minutes later the two officers were standing in front of the general. He was looking through some reports and for about five minutes ignored their being in his office.

"Gentlemen," he spoke, "I have been going through your records. Excellent in all respects. I must make an inspection tomorrow of the area north of Pongyang. The two of you will fly me

in a B-26 Bomber without an escort. You may pick your own rear gunner".

Relieved the two officers left after being shown on a map the area over which they were to fly. Captain Grudin notified Sergeant Bill Hendricks of his choice as a rear gunner.

"What happens if a couple of MIG'S attack us?" demanded the young sergeant.

"Youth and vitality should take care of that," smiled the captain. "And it's my job to see nothing really happens. So be at ease".

The next morning at 8:30 a twin-engine B-26 bomber sped northward. Maximum time in the air had been figured at four hours. The plane flew low and the general was able to get a good look at various areas which had been previously bombed by American planes the previous week. Three important bridges had been put out of commission, and several important railroad links were now nothing more than mere shambles. There was a peculiar patch on the ground. To get a closer look at it, the plane went down to about a five hundred feet altitude. Then suddenly the patch vanished and in its place came blazing anti-aircraft guns. It was a concealed unit of the North Korean People's Army anti-airplane defence. Quickly the pilot did his best to get altitude. But it was too late. The plane had already caught fire. Sergeant Bill Hendricks in the rear-facing top turret spoke over the intercom.

"We got a bad dose of lead. Smell the smoke?"

"We have to get away and then hit the silk at a safe distance," spoke back Captain Grudin. "We jump at the last possible moment. Otherwise those commies will be too close to us for safety".

The blazing plane flew on but it was losing the altitude it had gained at first. The ground beneath was changing color. From green to the white of snow. Lieutenant Dave Ledner gave the order.

"Hit the silk".

Soon four figures floated down, and not a second too soon for the plane crashed and exploded. Their first thought was of the general. But he was thinking quickly.

"Get out of your parachutes at once," he ordered. "Keep the cloth. It will help us camouflage ourselves against the snow background. We have to go up and over the mountain. Then head for the coast."

Slowly the four began to walk in the deep snow. They were going at a snail's pace. General Hart stopped in front of some trees.

"We are leaving telltale marks with the deep imprint of our flying boots. In addition we are using too much valuable energy to cover the ground. We are going to make rough snowshoes. Do what I do."

Like school children who had to learn a lesson in a very short time, the other three followed the example of the general. He cut thick branches from the tree and trimmed them roughly. Then using part of the rope from his parachute and leather cuttings from his inner jacket, he fashioned the connecting cords of the snowshoes. He showed the men how to fasten them to their boots and soon they were making better time with less energy. At noon they stopped for a brief bite. Each had in his emergency vest a can of compressed beef, a few pieces of candy, cheese, and a few bouillon cubes. Then they continued on their way. Three hours later a flight of planes at a low altitude coming in from the north were spotted.

"Quick on the ground," shouted the general. "Cover yourself with your parachutes."

The planes flew back and forth on the evident mission of looking for the survivors of that crash. They were red planes but they were fooled by the perfect blend of the white parachute cloth and the snow. The planes finally headed back to home base.

"That was a close one," admitted Lieutenant Ledner. "And some quick thinking on part of the general saved all of us."

There was a slight smile on the face of their commanding officer at that sincere compliment. But he knew there were more dangers to be faced. At night they reached the top of the mountain ridge.

"I'm thirsty," complained Sergeant Bill Hendricks. "Snow, snow all around and not a drop of water to drink. So here's where I get my water in snow form."

"The snow will dry the mucous membrane in your throat," pointed out the general. "You might quench your thirst and also get some pneumonia. Wait till we get down. Meanwhile we must get some rest. We'll use the parachutes as tents. Rest well."

In the morning the men arose and followed their leader. Breakfast had consisted of just some

cheese. While walking downhill, Captain Grudin went to the right. Suddenly came the voice of the general.

"Stop in your tracks. Don't move an inch!"

The order was obeyed. The general came up to his side and pointed straight ahead. The captain had not noticed the icy chasm ahead with a drop of at least three hundred feet to destruction.

"Another three minutes and I would have plunged down," he said. "You saved my life."

By about three in the afternoon they reached the valley. Concealed by trees they dug a hole and made a small fire. Melting some of the snow they were able to use their bouillon cubes.

"We wait until darkness," advised the general. "Then look for a lone hut."

By eight that night they reached a small mud house. Each held his .45 ready for action. An old man came out of the house.

"NAH-noon MEE-gook sah-RAHM-ee-yaw," (I am an American) said the general in perfect Korean.

They conversed in Korean for ten minutes. Then all entered the hut. On a table each man placed his Escape and Evasion Barter Kit which contained a watch, a ball-point pen and other items.

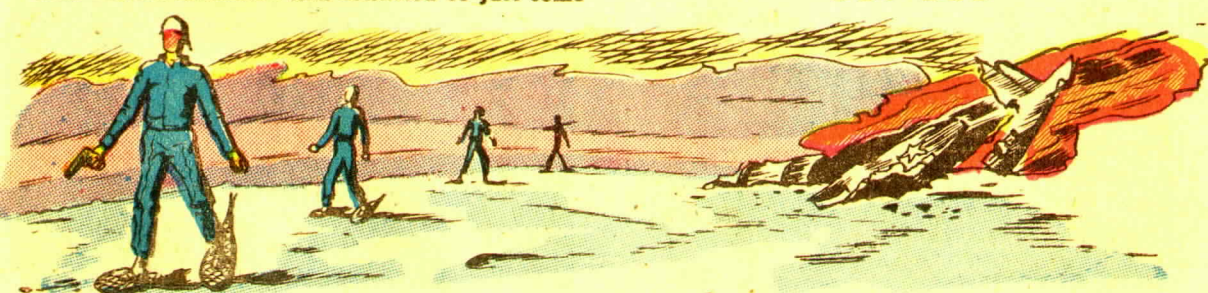
"He will show us how to get back," said the general. "But let us watch him anyway so no double cross can take place."

It took them twenty-two days to get back to base. They only travelled at night, through irrigation ditches, wood land, and ponds. The Korean provided rice and a few chickens as the staple for diet. He was well rewarded with gold for his part. Two weeks after their return, Colonel Barrows, a life long friend of the general asked him to come to the officers' club. Every officer was present and also some of the non-coms. Captain Grudin handed the general a medal.

"We had it made for you, sir. Guess it's the only one of its kind in the world. Please accept it with our sincere thanks."

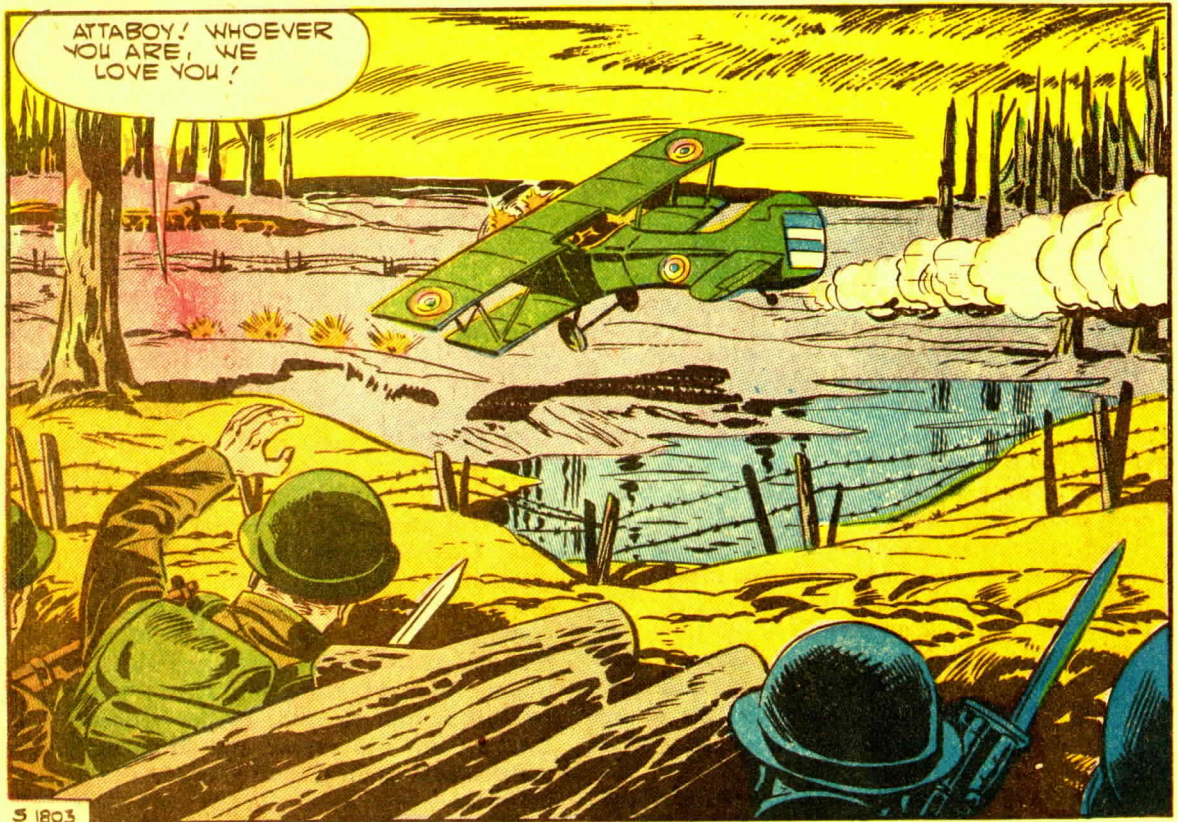
The general took this "private" medal made out of gold. It showed an elderly man leading three young men up a mountain. The legend was in Korean which when translated read: "Youth realizes that maturity is a leader for youth, vitality, and intelligence."

— The End —



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE UP FROM THE MUD

THE DOUGHBOYS LOVED HIM, THE PILOT WHO APPEARED DAILY AND HARASSED THE GERMANS, ALMOST FLYING INTO THEIR TRENCHES TO STRAFE THEM! HE SEEMED TO SENSE WHEN HE WAS NEEDED MOST... AND HE SHOULD! FOR A SHORT TIME BEFORE HE'D BEEN ONE OF THEM, ANOTHER PRIVATE FIGHTING IN THE MUD...



ATTABOY! WHOEVER YOU ARE, WE LOVE YOU!

S 1803

PRIVATE STUMPY WALTERS, LIKE EVERY OTHER DOUGHBOY, WAS FED UP WITH MUD, MUD, MUD... MUD EVERYWHERE...

WHERE'S IT ALL COME FROM? IT AIN'T RAINED IN A WEEK! I'VE GOT MUD IN BOTH EARS! THAT GUY UP THERE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT!

AH, HIS OLD MAN MUST BE A BIG SHOT OR SOME-THIN'!

STUMPY STILL RETAINED THAT PICTURE OF THE LAZILY WHEELING PLANE AND ITS NICE CLEAN PILOT WHEN HE WAS RELIEVED FOR A FEW DAYS...

YOU LOOK LIKE OUR TYPE! WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO FLY?

AH, THIS WAR'LL BE OVER BEFORE I EVEN GET AN APPLICATION FILLED OUT!



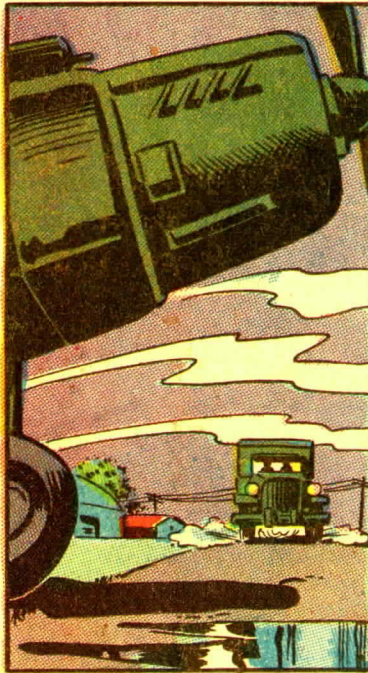
FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THEN DON'T FILL ONE OUT!
COME BACK TO THE
TRAINING
FIELD
WITH
US
TONIGHT!

YOU GOT A
DEAL! MAYBE
I WON'T GET
SO MUDDY
ANYWAY!



SO, LATER THAT NIGHT...



THEN, CAME THE BITTER
DAWN...

HUH? WHO
AM I? WHY,
I CAME
HERE TO
LEARN
HOW TO
FLY!

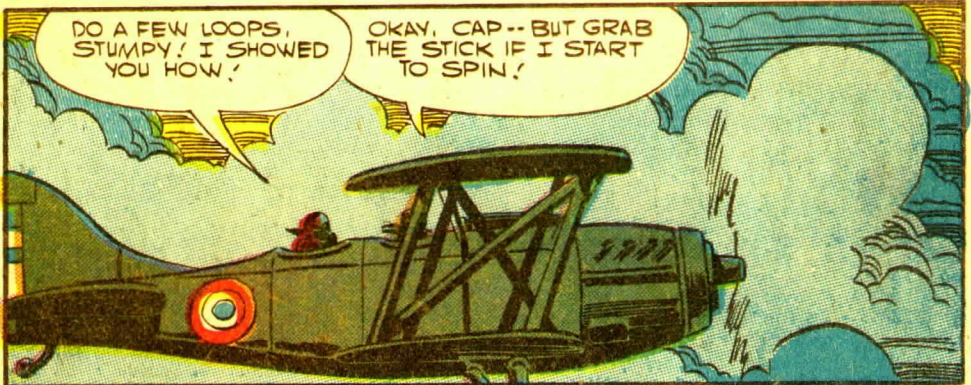
WELL, DRAW
SOME CLOTHES
AND GET OUT
WITH THE
OTHERS!
SNAP INTO IT!
THIS MIGHT
BE A SHORT
WAR!



FLYING WAS
A LOT LESS
COMPLICATED
IN THOSE
DAYS.. IT
WAS ACTUALLY
AS SIMPLE
AS
DRIVING
A CAR--
AND A
LOT
MORE
DANGEROUS...

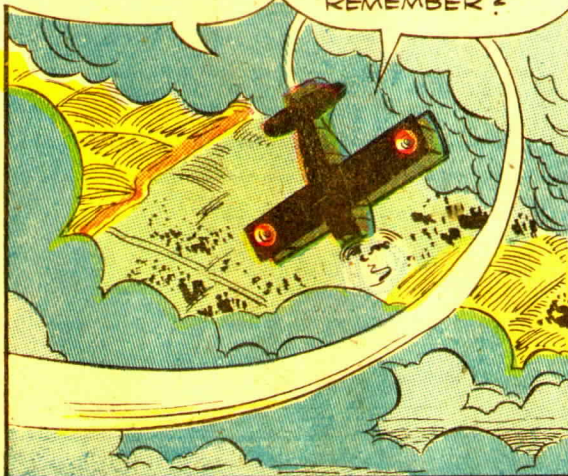
DO A FEW LOOPS,
STUMPY! I SHOWED
YOU HOW!

OKAY, CAP-- BUT GRAB
THE STICK IF I START
TO SPIN!



YOU'RE READY
FOR YOUR WINGS,
STUMPY!

NO, I'M NOT! I'M
NOT EVEN SUPPOSED
TO BE HERE,
REMEMBER?

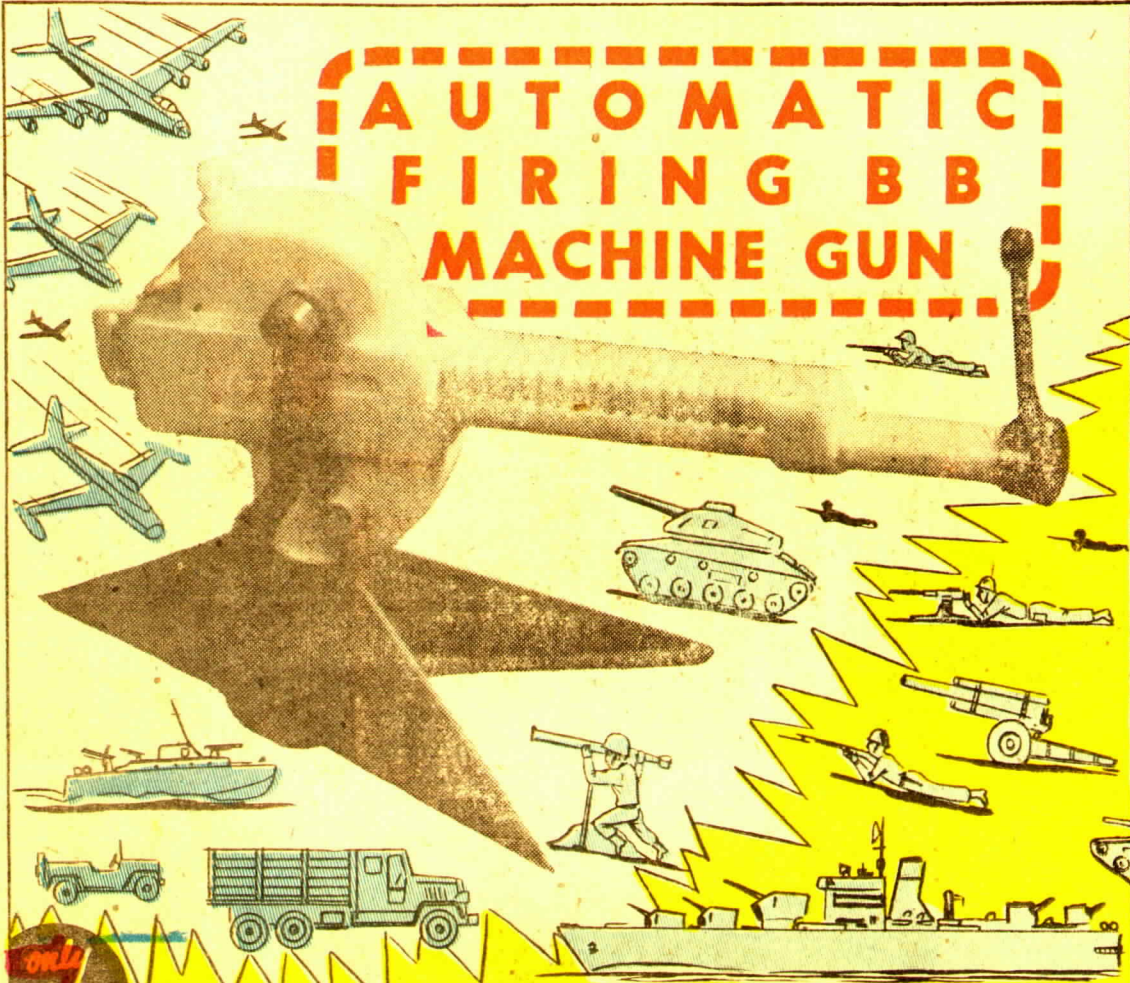


THE OTHER PILOTS RECEIVED THEIR COM-
MISSIONS-- ONLY PVT. CLARENCE WALTERS
WAS LEFT WAITING AT THE CEREMONIES!
THEN...

AND I HAVE SPECIAL ORDERS
FOR PVT. STU... CLARENCE WALTERS!
HE IS HEREBY TRANSFERRED FROM THE
AWOL LIST BACK TO ACTIVE DUTY, WITH
THE RANK OF SECOND
LIEUTENANT! YOU
CAN FLY!



AUTOMATIC FIRING BB MACHINE GUN



only
\$1.00

YOU GET ALL THIS!

- Automatic firing BB Machine Gun with swivel base
- Complete 21-piece task force selected of:
 - infantrymen
 - tanks
 - gunners
 - trucks
 - cruisers
 - battleships
 - jet-planes
 - bombers
 - riflemen
 - space ships
 - full supply of BBs

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- All scale-model replicas of the real thing.
- Makes your friends toys outdated.

A Complete Thrilling Combat Unit At Your Command

Now you can be Commander-In-Chief of this complete task force. You can deploy your troops, navy and air force for attack or defense and every pitched battle is won, as your perfect plastic model of an actual machine gun goes into devastating action blasting your target in a hail of fast firing automatic repeating pellets. Simply pour in the BBs and then fire away. It's operated by a crank and sets up in a jiffy. The swivel base turns in a full circle assuring complete coverage and range, and it's removable so that you can carry your machine gun wherever you go. Fires automatically as many deadly BBs as you want as fast as you desire. And, you get a complete 21 piece Task Force of soldiers, tanks, gunners, trucks, bombers, cruisers, battleships and space ships. Plus a full supply of BBs all for only \$1.00+25c shipping charges. Don't delay! Order Now!

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Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my Automatic Firing BB Machine Gun and Complete Task Force Armada on 10 day Free Trial. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 + 25c shipping charges. Same money back guarantee

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

LATER, BEFORE THE NEW PILOTS' FIRST MISSION ...



WHAT?

THE WAR IS BEING FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES! HELP THE DOUGHBOYS, THEY NEED IT! THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME! STRAFING THE TRENCHES!



STUMPY WALTERS FLEW COUNT-LESS MISSIONS OVER NO MAN'S LAND! HIS COLONEL GAVE HIM PERMISSION TO FLY ALONE! THE GERMAN FOKKERS HAD ORDERS TO GET HIM AT ALL COSTS! THEY TRIED AND...



LATER, WHEN IT CAME TIME TO HAND OUT DECORATIONS AT THE AIRDROME ...



... EVERY DOUGHBOY I'VE SPOKEN TO HAS ASKED ME TO SHAKE THE HAND OF STUMPY WALTERS! CONGRATULATIONS, STUMPY, AND THANKS FROM ALL OF US!

THANK YOU, SIR!



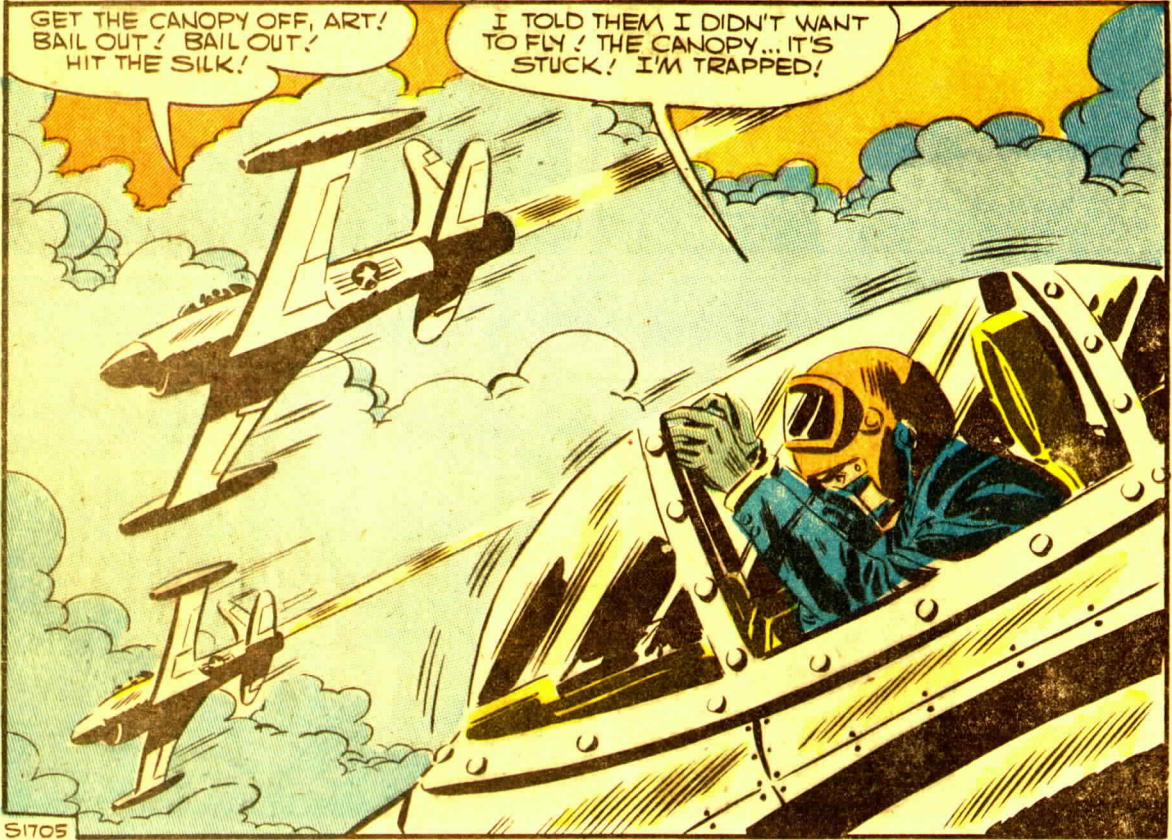
FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

The TIMID PILOT

CAPTAIN ART LARADA, AN ACE IN WORLD WAR II, AND THE LEADING FIGHTER PILOT IN HIS AREA IN KOREA, WAS A SYMBOL TO THE YOUNGER PILOTS NEW TO THE THEATER! HE WAS EVERYTHING THEY WANTED TO BE, AN EXPERT PILOT, A FEARLESS FIGHTER! THEN, SUDDENLY, HE WAS NOTHING... NOTHING BUT A PILOT AFRAID TO FLY...

GET THE CANOPY OFF, ART!
BAIL OUT! BAIL OUT!
HIT THE SILK!

I TOLD THEM I DIDN'T WANT
TO FLY! THE CANOPY... IT'S
STUCK! I'M TRAPPED!

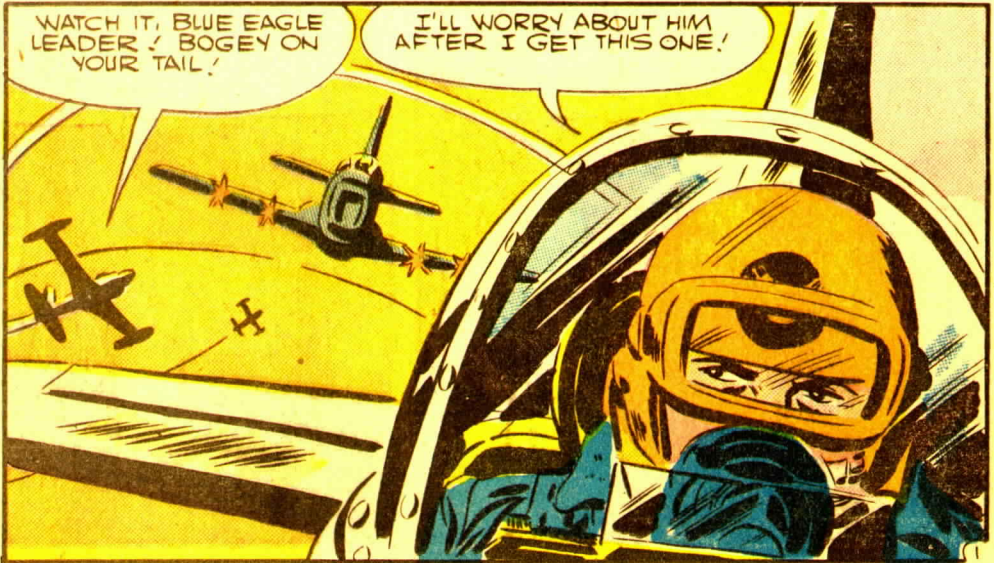


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WATCH IT, BLUE EAGLE
LEADER! BOGEY ON
YOUR TAIL!

I'LL WORRY ABOUT HIM
AFTER I GET THIS ONE!

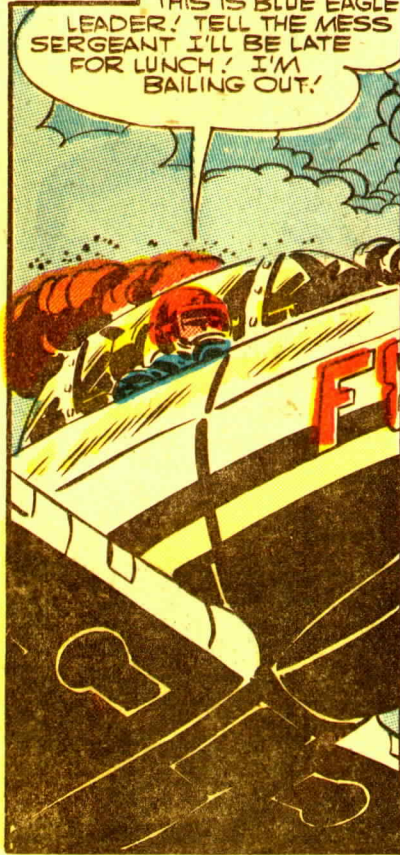
CAPTAIN LARADA, THE SQUADRON LEADER, SEEMED INDIFFERENT TO THE DANGERS HE FACED EVERY DAY LEADING THE FIGHTER GROUP...



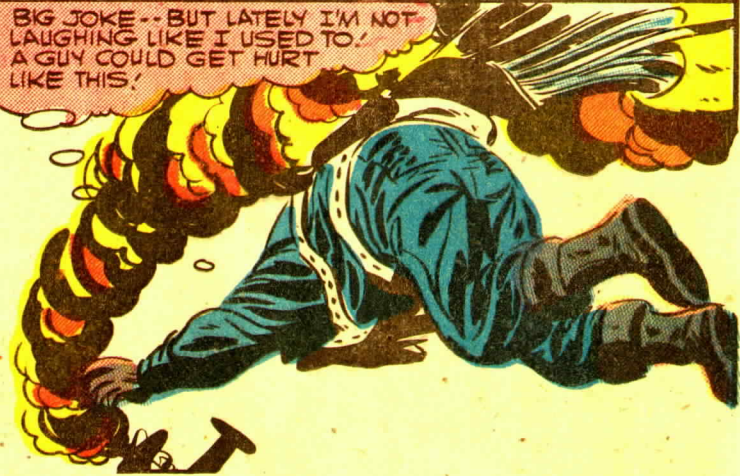
FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

CAPTAIN LARADA GOT OUT OF THAT ONE -- BUT THEN A STRAY PIECE OF FLAK CUT AN OIL LINE ON HIS WAY HOME...

THIS IS BLUE EAGLE LEADER! TELL THE MESS SERGEANT I'LL BE LATE FOR LUNCH! I'M BAILING OUT!



BIG JOKE -- BUT LATELY I'M NOT LAUGHING LIKE I USED TO. A GUY COULD GET HURT LIKE THIS!



LATER, AT THE FIELD...

HI, COLONEL! WORRIED ABOUT ME?

THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF TIME, ART! CHECK WITH THE FLIGHT SURGEON! THEN I'LL BUY YOU A COKE!



YOU LOOK WORRIED, KAY! I'M AS SOUND AS A DOLLAR...

YOU'RE PHYSICALLY FIT, CAPTAIN! A LITTLE OVERTIRED THOUGH...



YOU THINK YOU'RE AN IRON MAN, ART, BUT YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE HUMAN LIKE THE REST OF US! I HOPE YOU DON'T LEARN THAT THE HARD WAY!

DOCTOR LEONARD THINKS YOU SHOULD RELAX MORE, ART!

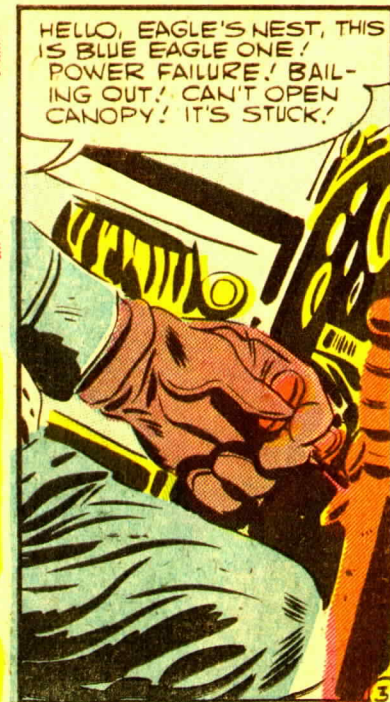
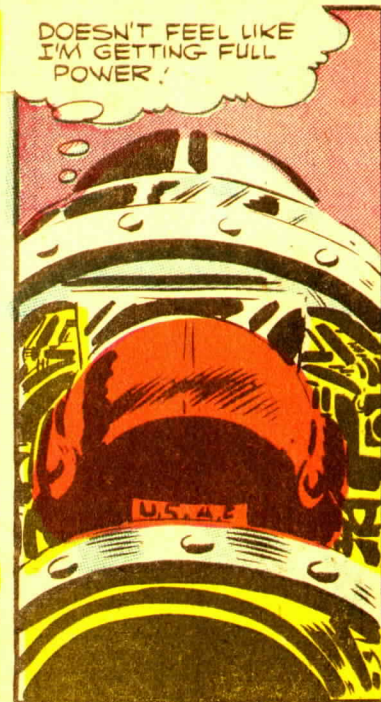
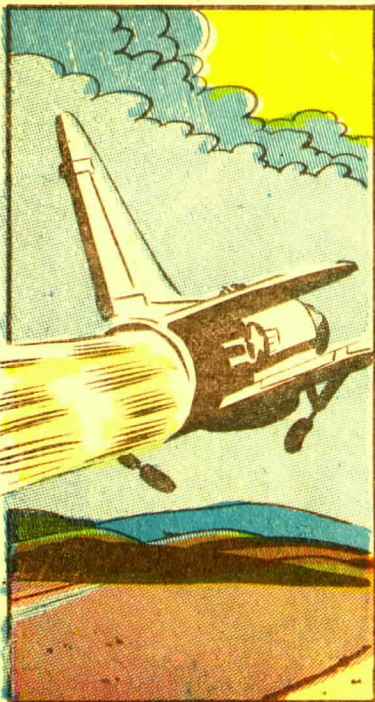
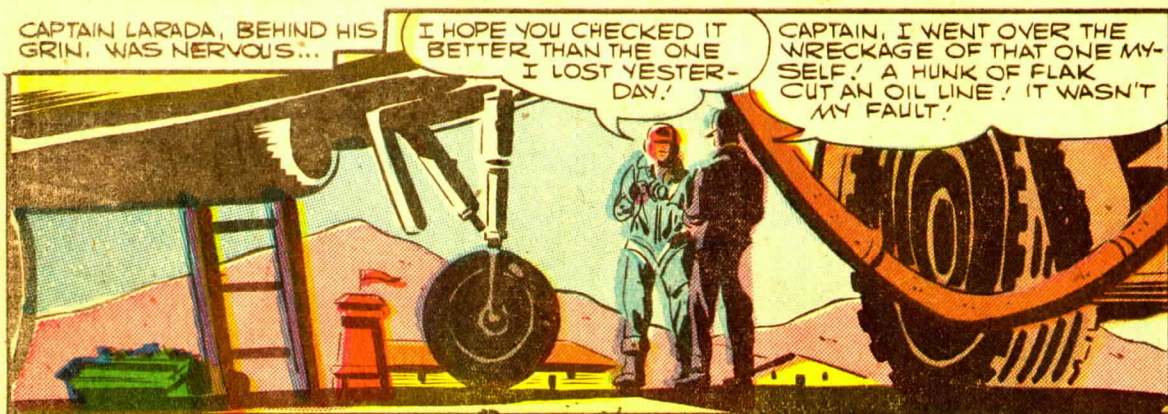
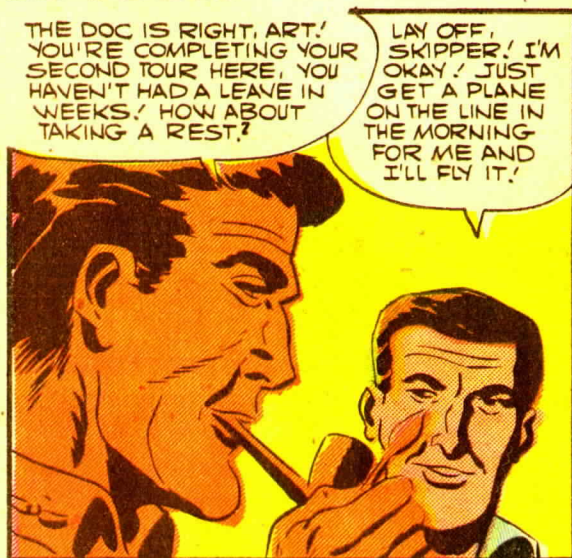


I WILL, IF YOU'LL HELP! HOW ABOUT THE SQUADRON DANCE THIS WEEK?

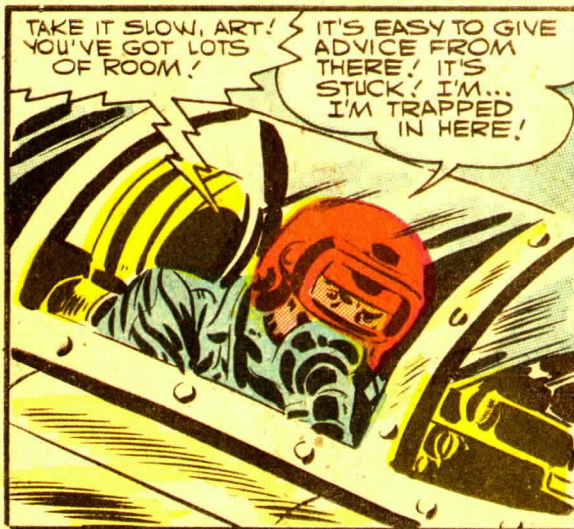
DOCTOR LEONARD DIDN'T MEAN... OH, ALL RIGHT! IT'S A DATE!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

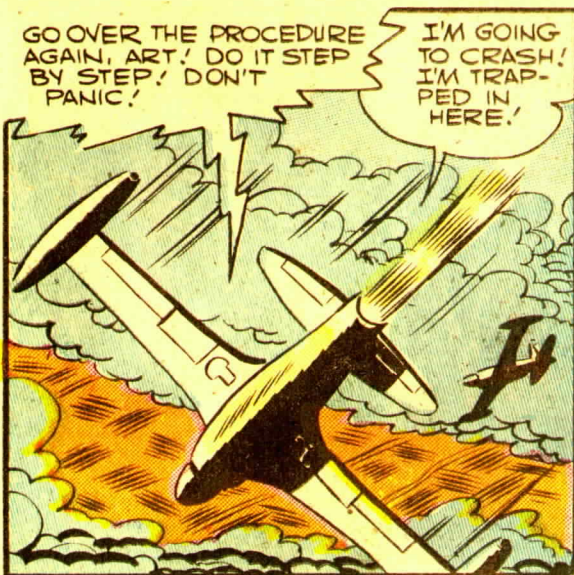


TAKE IT SLOW, ART!
YOU'VE GOT LOTS
OF ROOM!

IT'S EASY TO GIVE
ADVICE FROM
THERE! IT'S
STUCK! I'M...
I'M TRAPPED
IN HERE!

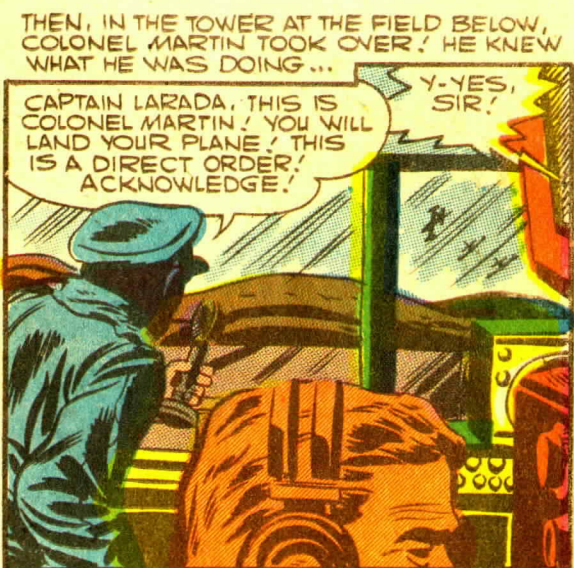


I CAN'T EVEN BAIL
OUT! I'M TRAPPED!



GO OVER THE PROCEDURE
AGAIN, ART! DO IT STEP
BY STEP! DON'T
PANIC!

I'M GOING
TO CRASH!
I'M TRAP-
PED IN
HERE!

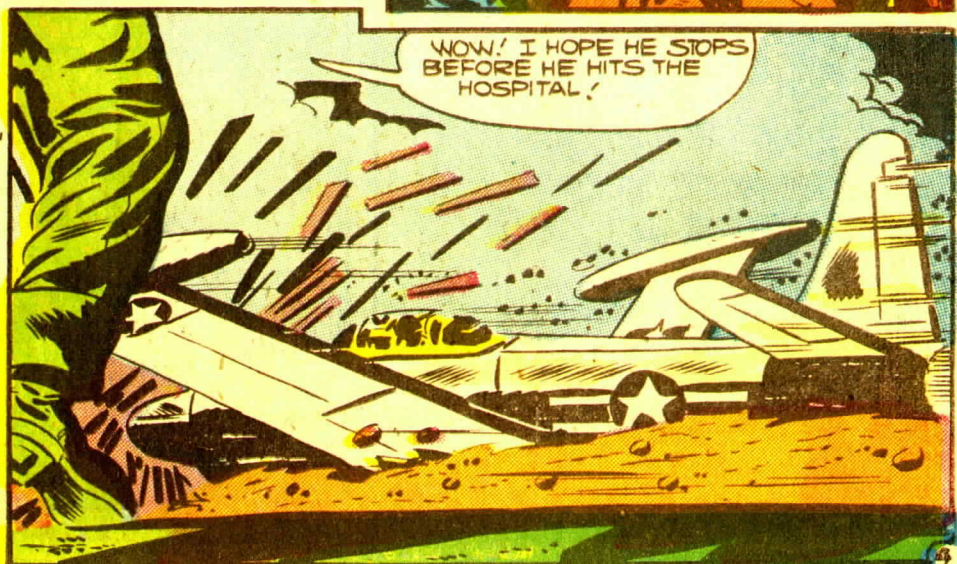


THEN, IN THE TOWER AT THE FIELD BELOW,
COLONEL MARTIN TOOK OVER! HE KNEW
WHAT HE WAS DOING...

CAPTAIN LARADA, THIS IS
COLONEL MARTIN! YOU WILL
LAND YOUR PLANE! THIS
IS A DIRECT ORDER!
ACKNOWLEDGE!

Y-YES,
SIR!

THROUGH THE
HAZE OF
FEAR, CUT-
TING THROUGH
NEAR HYSTERIA,
THE COLONEL'S
CRISP
COMMAND
PENETRATED!
ART
LARADA'S
EXPERIENCED
HANDS
TOOK
HIM
IN
SAFELY...



WOW! I HOPE HE STOPS
BEFORE HE HITS THE
HOSPITAL!

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

GOT... GOT HER DOWN!
I WAS TRAPPED!

NOTHING WRONG WITH THE CANOPY, CAPTAIN!
YOU TRIED TO PUSH THE RELEASE THE WRONG
WAY! AND YOUR FUEL
MIXTURE WAS LEAN,
MADE YOU FLAME
OUT!

F87PG

CAPTAIN LARADA WAS TAKEN
INTO THE HOSPITAL! DOCTOR
LEONARD GAVE HIM A SEDA-
TIVE! HE WAS CALMER A FEW
HOURS LATER AFTER A NAP...

HELLO, KAY!
GUESS I
GOOFED, HUH?
CHICKENED
OUT AS THE
BOYS CALL
IT!

NONSENSE,
ART! I'LL
TELL THE
DOCTOR
YOU'RE
AWAKE!

YOU'LL REST FOR
A FEW DAYS,
THEN GO ON
LEAVE! YOU
WON'T FLY
AGAIN FOR
A WEEK,
CAPTAIN!

I WON'T
FLY
AGAIN AT
ALL, DOC!
I'VE HAD
IT! I LOST
MY
NERVE!

I NEVER WANT TO
SEE A PLANE AGAIN!

CAPTAIN LARADA REFUSED TO SEE ANYONE!
HE WAS DEFIANT AND ASHAMED AND DOC-
TOR LEONARD KNEW HE HAD TO FIND A CURE.

WHY KID YOURSELF, DOC?
NO ONE CAN TALK ME
INTO FLYING AGAIN!

THIS IS JUST
A NERVE RE-
FLEX TEST,
ART! MISS
WALLACE WILL HELP.

IT'S QUIET
IN HERE!
WHAT DO
WE DO
FIRST?

I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOUR
PULSE, TEMPERATURE, AND
SO FORTH! THEN I'LL BEGIN
WITH A SIMPLE EYE TEST!

A HALF HOUR PASSED...A HALF HOUR OF SILENCE IN THE ROOM, BUT A HALF HOUR OF CHAOS OUTSIDE! THE REDS HAD BROKEN THROUGH...

EVACUATE YOUR PEOPLE, DOCTOR! I'M GETTING MY BUNCH OUT!

RIGHT, COLONEL!

TELL NURSE WALLACE AND HER PATIENT THAT WE'RE LEAVING!

WHAT HAPPENED?

RED TANK COLUMN BROKE THROUGH, SIR! THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY!



THAT MESSAGE WAS NEVER DELIVERED! A RED TANK, A HALF MILE AWAY, OPENED FIRE...



AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, KAY WALLACE BEGAN TO WONDER WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE DOCTOR...

ONE OUT HERE, ART! THERE'S NO LISTEN, THE GUNS ARE NEARBY!



THE REDS BROKE THROUGH! LET'S... GET OUT!

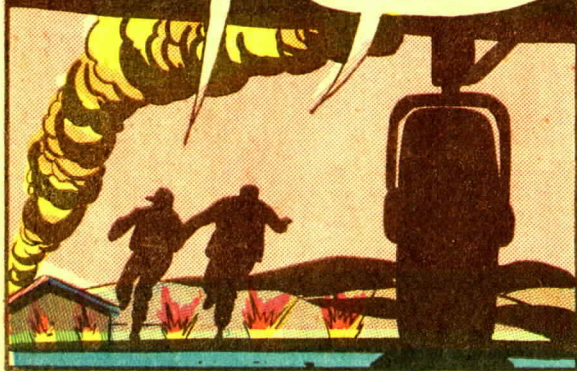


FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

THE RED TANKS WERE EVERYWHERE...BUT THERE WASN'T ENOUGH RED INFANTRY TO CONSOLIDATE THE RED GAINS...

WE'RE ALONE, ART! THEY'LL CAPTURE US!

NO, THEY WON'T! RUN FOR THAT PLANE!

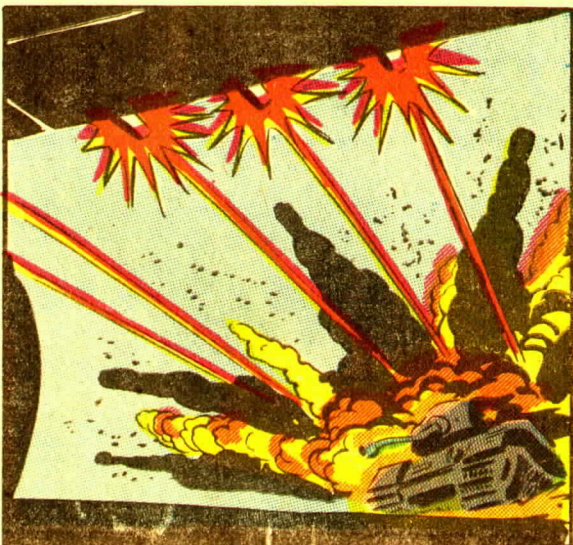
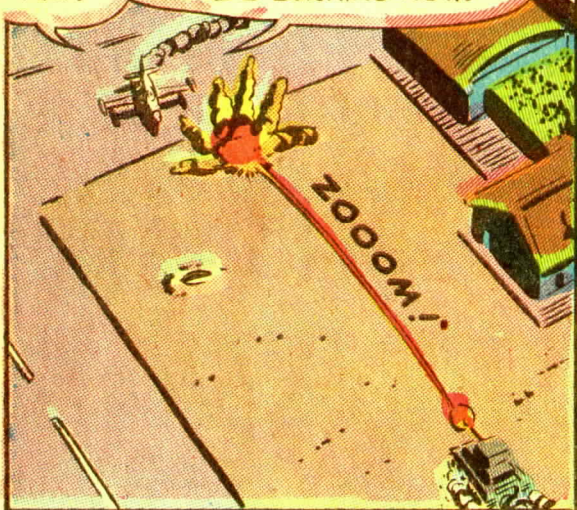


THAT'S IT! WE'LL BE A LITTLE CROWDED BUT IT'S BETTER THAN A RED PRISON CAMP!



LOOK, ART!

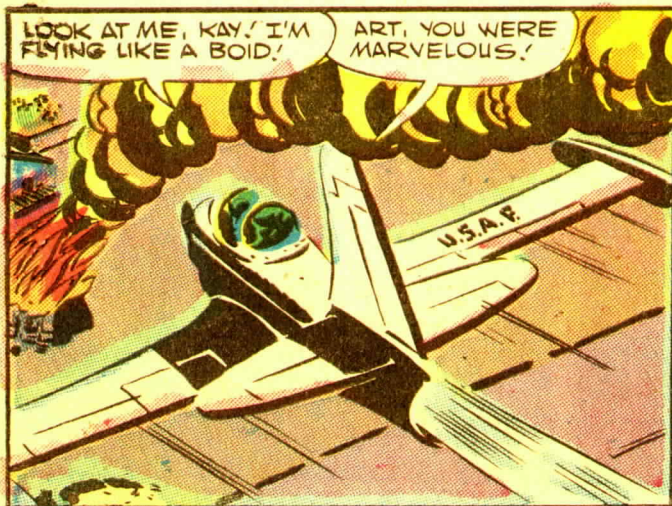
SIT TIGHT, HONEY! THIS GAS STOVE'S BURNING NOW!



THE JET PICKED UP SPEED SLOWLY... THEN, BACK ON THE FIELD, IT TOOK THE AIR...

LOOK AT ME, KAY! I'M FLYING LIKE A BOID!

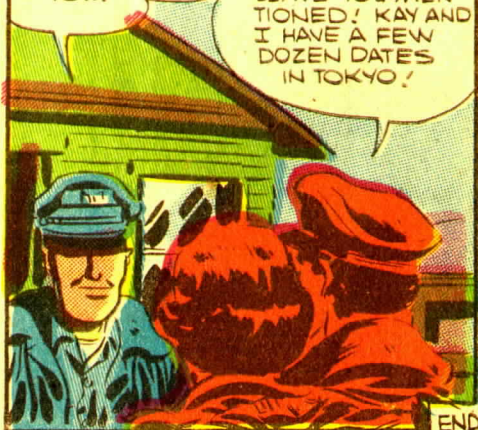
ART, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!



LATER, AT A FIELD IN THE REAR...

THE DOC TOLD ME YOU'RE CURED, ART! READY TO...

DON'T SAY IT, SKIPPER! I'M TAKING THAT LEAVE YOU MENTIONED! KAY AND I HAVE A FEW DOZEN DATES IN TOKYO!



END

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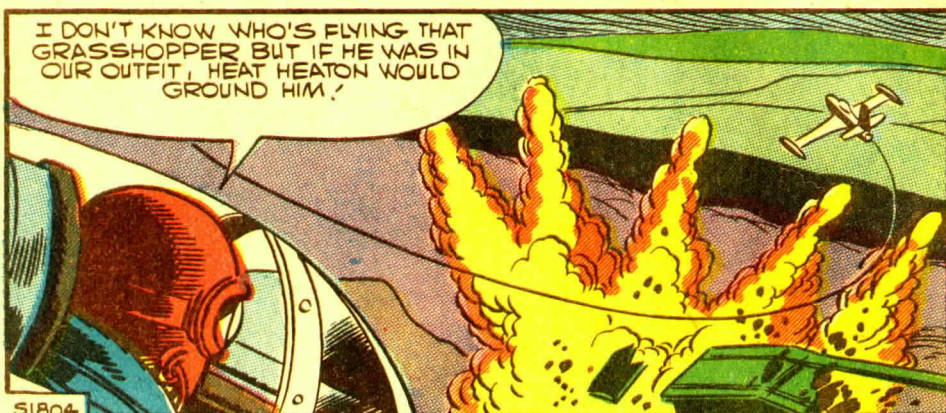
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NEWS
THE BRAINS IN
BACK OF THE N.Y.
YANKEES

FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE DO AS I SAY...

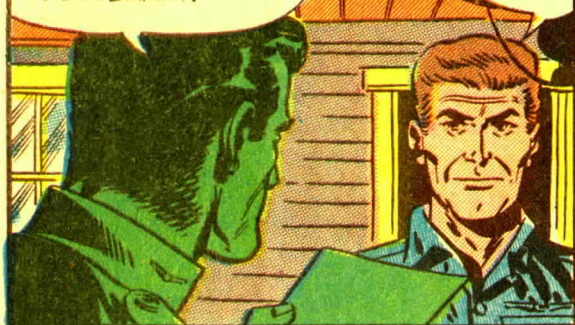
THEY CALLED MAJOR HEATON A MARTINET, A SKIPPER WHO'D THROW THE BOOK AT HIS PILOTS WITH THE SLIGHTEST EXCUSE! NO MATTER WHAT THEY CALLED HIM, HE KEPT HIS LOSSES LOW AND HIS OUTFIT'S REPUTATION THE BEST...



MAJOR HEATON FOUGHT TO MAKE THEM FLY SO THEY'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO SURVIVE THEIR COMBAT TOUR...

YOUR CAMERAS SHOWED YOU BELOW A HUNDRED FEET! I KNOW YOU GOT YOUR TARGET BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THINGS! YOU'RE GROUNDED FOR THREE DAYS, LIEUTENANT!

YES, SIR!



IS SHE READY TO GO, MAC? I'M GETTING FLIGHT FATIGUE FROM FLYING THAT DESK!

YES, SIR, BUT TAKE IT EASY, SIR, HUH? I HAD FORTY THREE BULLET HOLES TO PATCH LAST TIME YOU WENT UP!



MY SGT. McCLOSKEY HAD BEEN WITH MAJOR HEATON A LONG TIME! HE RESENTED ANY SLURS AGAINST HIS SKIPPER...

THERE GOES THE SKIPPER PUTTING IN TIME TO GET FLYING PAY! WHAT A RACKET!

SIR, I RESENT THAT! IF YOU KNEW WHAT I...



I DO KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW, MAC! THE SKIPPER IS A SWELL GUY EVEN IF HE DID GROUND ME! THAT UNMARKED PLANE OF HIS IS FAMOUS!



FIGHTIN' AIR FORCE

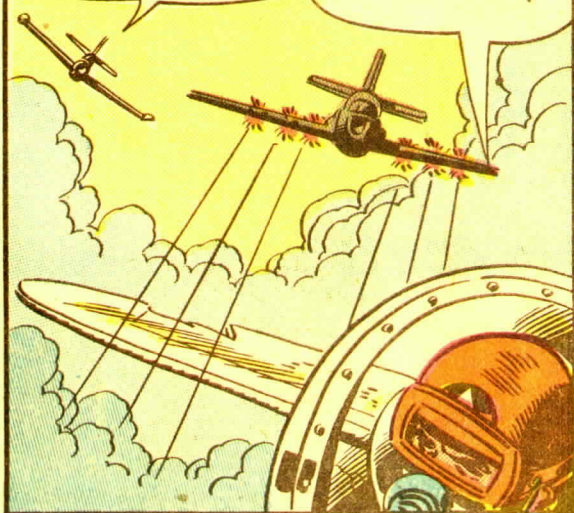
MEANWHILE, UP NEAR THE LINES...

OH, OH, THERE'S MY OUTFIT AND A BUNCH OF MIGS! HERE WE GO!



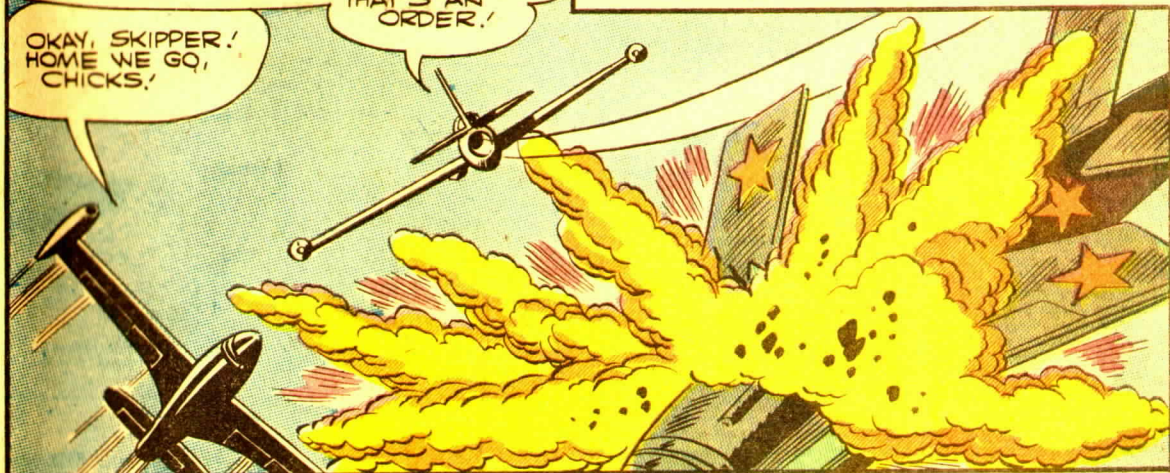
REDHEN TWO, DIVE! I'LL PEEL THAT COMMIE OFF YOUR BACK!

CAN'T BE DONE! ELEVATOR'S SHOT UP, FLYING ON TRIM TABS!



GOT 'IM! THE REST OF YOU BREAK OFF! YOU'VE GOT TWO CRIPPLES TO NURSE! THAT'S AN ORDER!

OKAY, SKIPPER! HOME WE GO, CHICKS!



LATER, AT THE FIELD...

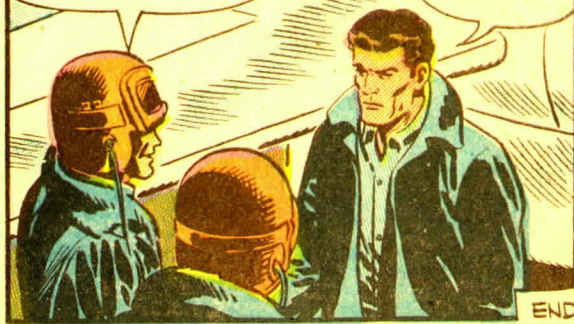
YOUR FLIGHT WAS OUTNUMBERED, CAPTAIN! WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE EVASIVE ACTION?

BECAUSE WARNER AND RENSKI WERE IN TROUBLE, SIR, AND INCIDENTALLY...



... WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING OUT, SIR! WE'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG THAT YOU WERE FLYING COMBAT WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE REFRESHER HOPS! WE DO AS YOU SAY -- BUT WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO DO AS YOU DO!

IF I CAN KEEP YOU ALL ALIVE LONG ENOUGH, YOU WILL BE! DISMISSED!



END

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(normal). 2½"
expanded."
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"When I started
your Course I
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Now weigh 170."
T. K., N. Y.



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